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NELL NOELL, THE LIGHT-KEEPER'S TREASURE.

A ROMANCE

Of England, France and Italy.

BY GEORGE P. BURNHAM

(CONTINUED.)

[CHAPTER VII.]

PARIS.



SOME enthusiastic visitor to the most brilliant capital in Europe, upon the first impressions he conceived after his arrival there, wrote home, in one line, "See Paris, and die!"

How far such performance and such a consequence might be agreeable to other people who go there, is an "open question," decidedly. We rather incline to the opinion, however, that the majority of travellers upon the Continent now-a-days, will rather exclaim—"See Paris, and live!"

At any rate, such was Alfred Wilford's idea when he found himself at the gay city alluded to, a few weeks after the events set down in our last chapter. He had relinquished all hope of acquiring a fortune, at home, and through the aid of Manfred and a few of his friends, he was able to travel, and to begin to try the world upon his own account.

But he had other cogent reasons for leaving England. His pride of heart had been hurt. He knew he had been reckless in approaching Charlotte Simpton, for he now saw how hollow were her pretensions to admiration—not to speak of the loss of a high-minded man. But, if he lived, he was determined to be avenged for the constantly she had thrown upon him, when he was utterly defenceless. He flattered himself that Miss Simpton would live long enough, too, to see the difference, perhaps, between simple glitter and solid gold.

The season was unusually gay and spirited, and Paris was never seen to better advantage than at the time of Wilford's arrival. An enthusiast in his profession, the young man had come to a field where his pencil could find ample occupation—whether he chose to sketch from the hurried world around him, or to pass his hours in quiet at the Louvre or the Académie des Arts. And he sat down with the determination of availing himself of the advantages that surrounded him.

Paris! Paris—the cradle of fashion and folly, the resort of polished gamblers, ruses, and spendthrift ladies, the home, at once, of gorgeous wealth and wretched poverty. Paris, swarming with adventurers, beggars, princes, potentates, and travellers from every nation under the sun. Paris, with its revolutions, its barricades, its compromises, and its *casualties*. Paris, with its Eden of beautiful women and ugly men, its magnificent theatres, its palaces, its herds, its virtue and its crimes—a garden of art and beauty and refinement, and a den of intrigue, corruption and vice—the Paris of the world, where literature, science and statesmanship abound, the gayest or the most sombre city of the universe. Paris, the *beau idéal* of Wilford's imagination, was now his abiding-place. His journey was at an end—he no longer thought, and he went to work with a hearty good will in the prosecution of his good intentions.

All day he studied at his easel, and he realized the benefit of thorough systematic application. When evening came, it was his custom to stroll along the Boulevards, or wander through the crowded thoroughfares and gardens, where he met with much to entertain or instruct him. He had been in Paris a fortnight, when as he was returning one evening to his lodgings, over the Pont des Fleurs, at a somewhat later hour than usual, he suddenly heard footsteps directly behind him, on the bridge. He was just turning about, when a hand touched him and a gentle female voice said:

"A few sous, for bread!"

This kind of beggary was so common in the public highways that Wilford turned away, and

our wants. I come to thank you, with all my heart, and to say, adieu!"

"But you will tell me your name, and allow me to—"

"Marie. Take this, pardon me, tonight. Read it, and you will be enlightened. Farewell!"

The beggar was gone; and Wilford stood alone upon the bridge, holding in his hand a small packet, with which he hurried to his lodgings, as soon as he recovered from his astonishment. Upon opening the letter, he was instantly struck with the similarity of hand-writing to that of the mysterious communication he had found in his port-folio, and which ran as follows:

"Wilford, you may have met with a hand-writing resembling this, before. At any rate, believe that a friend who watches you most earnestly, and who would give her life to aid you, is the author of this note. You must not know her at present. You have a duty to perform for yourself that she cannot interrupt or interfere with. Bear in mind, only, that she is near you, and will care for you when others slight, annoy or deceive you. You cannot guess her whereabouts, you cannot learn whence she comes, or why she thus regards you, at present. Time alone will develop to you, satisfactorily, whether she is worthy of your remembrance and regard. Pursue the objects which induced you to visit this land, which is not your home. Deserve the fame you seek, and fortune awaits you in the future. You will hear from her, again, and when you least expect it. Go forward! And bear in constant remembrance the beggar—Marie."

"Who wouldn't dwell in Paris!" exclaimed the artist, as he carefully refolded this delicately traced note, and placed it in his sketch-book.

"Here is a plot, to be sure!" Then, comparing the two letters together, he felt sure that the same hand had traced them both, though he could not, for the life of him, decide upon who the author could possibly be. "Nonsense!" he cried, at last; "she will undoubtedly prove my 'good angel' for I think such beings may dwell even in wicked, turbulent, curious Paris. We may meet, perhaps, milady, hereafter!"

And like a true philosopher, content with what he knows, when he can learn no more, our hero extinguished his light, and retired to dream of Marie, the beggar girl of the Pont des Fleurs!

CHAPTER VIII.

A MYSTERIOUS VISIT.

HARRY NOELL was the richest man in his vicinity—where there were no others, for miles!—and, with his beautiful yacht, so admirably appointed, he wouldn't have been wealthier, so he thought, if he could have been just as well not. He was fully contented prior to his coming into possession of this appropriate and pretty piece of property, but now he felt as rich as a lord. He had placed the light-house in charge of a friend, and embarking with his daughter, he crossed the Straits to Calais, and was absent from home three weeks, an unusual adventure in his experience, and affording Nell a peep at the world away from Beadly Head for the first time in her life. On the day they returned to the light-house, after this excursion, there came to their dwelling two strangers, of respectable appearance, with a view, so they said, to examine the buildings and the coast in the immediate vicinity, on behalf of the government. Indeed they exhibited letters signed by British officials which satisfied Noell that all was right.

"We shall be engaged here a month, probably," they said, "and we shall want a little more roomy accommodations than your house affords, Mr. Noell."

The premises were thoroughly examined, and it was at length agreed that an addition should be made, in the rear of the light, to the shed attached to the house. A supply of stone was readily found upon the beach and among the crags, and workmen were at once set about putting up the enlargement required—while the two strangers went, or pretended to go, up and down the long beach, for the purpose of making such philosophical observations as their instructions from the government required. In a few days, the place was finished to their satisfaction, being made wind and water proof, the laborers were paid in good bright English gold, and the new corner, Captain Stank and Lieutenant Brace, R. N., took possession, and housed their implements and the instruments used in their calling.

It turned out that a secret commission had been ordered in this case; and a letter came down in the mail, which was sent over to the light, subsequently, addressed to Noell, informing him of the fact, and signed by the naval secretary, at London. Acting under this order,

every facility within the light-keeper's knowledge or reach was freely tendered to the two strangers, in order that they might be aided in carrying out the designs of the government, to the fullest extent.

Matters proceeded quietly along, and no unnecessary questions were asked by either party. The two men ate at the light-keeper's table, paid him roundly in bright gold for all his attentions, and were continually busy. Whenever they left their lodging-place, however, they were exceedingly cautious about securing the door, lest intruders, or perhaps the light-keeper or his daughter, should stroll into the premises. There was only one small window, high up, in the end of this newly constructed apartment, which afforded but a meagre light; but this appeared sufficient for their purpose.

After a few days, their rambles on the seashore and up the beach were pretty much discontinued, and at the expiration of a fortnight they had ascertained all they wished for outside of the building. During the next four days, maps and charts and drawings were exhibited and consulted by the two men, in presence of the family, and the captain found it necessary to go up to the nearest port village for materials that he needed, and then for letters; and then the lieutenant was called away to town, and he took his large trunk with him and brought it back again. And thus they managed for ten days longer, one or the other of the train visiting the village, daily, and constantly carrying away luggage and returning with instruments, rolls of parchment, and other matters that they seemed to use in the prosecution of their instructions from the government.

Harry Noell was not a man to indulge idly curiosity. But the whole deportment of the strangers, their determined secrecy, and the length of time they occupied in consultation, of whatever it was, within doors, under lock, in that barren and uninhabited place, the extraordinary caution that marked all their movements, when it appeared to him there could be no possible need of it, in that place; all these things served to arouse his suspicions, finally, that there was something wrong in the whole affair. He had no time to write to London to ascertain anything in that quarter, and so he determined to satisfy himself, as best he could, at the very first convenient opportunity.

Within four-and-twenty hours after Noell had thus resolved, both the captain and the lieutenant started for the post-village. They had about completed their business, so they informed the light-keeper, and would return with horses, as quickly as possible, for the final removal of their luggage, trunks, boxes and tools. As soon as they were out of sight by his telescope, he prepared a skeleton key, with which, after a deal of trouble and delay, he effected an entrance into the hitherto secret apartments of the strangers. Within the door, there was placed a high, rough screen, to prevent all observation from without while the door was open. When Noell got fairly inside, he was astounded!

A huge pile of earth had been thrown up from the centre of the spot that had recently been covered by the additional building, and a deep cavity appeared below, like a well, which had been dug out since the addition had been erected. Across the side of the ground floor, towards the wall, another opening had been made, and then still another at right angles from this, as if a search had been made within the new enclosure, below the surface of the ground.

Noell continued to look around the trenches, and soon encountered a large and antiquated solid oak chest, and then another, and then two or three iron-bound smaller ones. Evidently all these had been dug out of the earth, there! The strangers brought no such luggage with them to the light-house, and he would have known it had such cumbersome articles arrived there since. The character of the mystery became more and more complicated, at every turn and during every moment that he tarried to examine into it.

A portion of the trenches had been filled up, plainly. That is to say, it was clear that other places had been dug out, and filled in again, from disappointment, or other cause. The chests having been evidently found on his premises, he at once made up his mind that the right belonged to him to know what they contained—a very natural conclusion, by the way. Upon looking a little farther, however, he discovered seven large jars, or vases, of antique models, that were carefully sealed up and were partially covered by freshly dug earth and gravel. These were very heavy, and Noell began to believe that an immense treasure had been found here, through some outside agency directing the two men to this singular spot. At first, from his natural good common sense, he was disinclined to entertain any such idea as that Harry Noell—the poor light-house-keeper, who

had known nought but toil and hardship from his infancy, could fall upon any such seeming good send as this appeared to indicate. But he gave himself little time to reflect, for the hour when his two strange guests would return was rapidly approaching. In his excitement, he knocked off the top of one of the vases, and there rolled out upon the ground a mass of large-sized coins!

They were tarnished and uneven in color. Were they copper? He grasped a handful of them, nervously, examined them hastily—they were clearly gold! Harry Noell was not usually an excitable man. But he was thunderstruck at this development.

Without stopping a moment to reflect upon consequences, Noell seized an axe, and knocked the lid from one of the chests. He found it filled to the top with irregular heavy bars, that he took for lead, or composition metal. They were solid silver! He tried another, and the result was the same. What should he do? It was getting late, the "captain" and his "lieutenant" would soon return. They had gone in search of horses to remove what they called their "luggage," and before morning the treasure would vanish. What he did must do so quickly.

And now he began to see light. These men were no government employes. They were adventurers, robbers or pirates, perhaps—who had learned of the existence of this property, or, perhaps, had been privy to its secretion at some time previously. To whomsoever it might of right belong, they had no claim to it, in his estimation. What could he do, under the circumstances, to protect it?

Nelly was ignorant of the discovery, of course; he was otherwise alone, in a lonely place, and there were two to one, in the event of any controversy or conflict in regard to its destination. The men who could so easily plan a scheme to obtain the possession of this property, and who had gone so far towards securing it, would not stop at any means to consummate intentions and wishes. Besides this, it was something to contend for, to be sure!

All these thoughts, and more, rushed through the mind of the light-keeper while he gazed upon the harvest before him, and in a much less space of time than it had required to record the facts. Suddenly his eye rested upon one or two pieces of stained and ancient looking parchment. He took them up, and found a sort of plan or drawing of a promontory and a beach—with markings for two or three lodges, indeed. Then there were figures and characters of which he knew nothing, that indicated certain spots upon the bluff mentioned. In short, the map, or whatever it was, proved to be a very accurate representation of the location of the light-house and its neighborhood, at Beadly Head. The other paper was a sort of communication, or direction, explanatory of the first one, and contained the following curious advice, written in irregular German text:

"In yo side drawback or ye escariole, over ye backe, will be found a paquet or browne papers. In ye first or therses, are written ye pointes or ye campus which will guide you to ye beach. On ye high rock with pointes to see, to ye east, make wete thirteen fadoms, and then south eleven fadoms. Digge deepe and meete ye wide flat stones. Then finde ye arch and passe betwene. Ye golde will come belowe. T. * O. O."

This was all Greek to Harry Noell, but it was evident that from this and the charts mentioned, the men had found the precise spot where the treasure lay concealed. Lost in his thoughts for a moment, and unable to decide what course he should take next, he lingered, gazing on the precious display, when the sound of voices startled him—but riveted him to the spot where he stood. He was caught! There was no escape, it was too late to retreat!

"What's this?" yelled the captain, coming quickly to the door, as he saw it half-open. "By Jove, we've discovered it!"

Backed by the lieutenant, the gallant captain in his majesty's navy dashed into the apartment, and stood astounded, speechless, upon confronting the light-keeper, alone in the middle of the floor!

CHAPTER IX.

A SCENE AND ITS RESULTS.

The chapter of the strangers was paralleled only by the firmness and gallant bearing of the hardly light-keeper. He was used to peril, and he knew nothing about flinching in an emergency.

"Stand!" cried the captain, in a voice of thunder, and at the same moment presenting a pistol close to Noell's head. If you move one inch from your track, you are a dead man!" This was a very emphatic but not a very interesting piece of information to Harry, just at that

moment, for he really believed that the alarmed villain meant exactly what he said. "Stand! I should stand the lieutenant, fiercely, 'for if his pistol misfired, I'll find your brain with this!' and another muzzle was levelled directly in his eye.

Noell was unarmed and helpless. So he did not move from "his tracks," but, in a quiet tone, replied:

"Gentlemen, don't be in haste to destroy a friend. Curiosity has tempted me to go too far; but, living, I can be worth a score of murdered light-keepers to you, in this enterprise. Come, put aside those ugly-looking weapons, there, and let us talk and act like men."

"Fine words, these," retorted the captain, "but what assurance will you give that you won't betray us?"

"You are two—and both are thoroughly armed. I am not a fool, captain. Dictate your terms. I am alone, and defenceless, as you see."

The manner and speech of the light-keeper surprised them, and they lowered their pistols.

"That is better," continued Noell. "Now, gentlemen, I have discovered your secret. I appeal to you in all fairness, then, whether or not I am entitled to share with you in this matter?"

This treasure was never earned by you, it never came here by any honest means. It was placed here by honest men. You, by some strange fortune, have been put upon the scent of it, you have found it almost beneath my household roof, and it is ample in amount to make us all princes in point of worldly wealth. I will advise with you, plan with you, labor with you to complete your enterprise, and I claim a share of this plunder. What say you?"

"That's not so bad as I expected," said the lieutenant, addressing the captain.

"Gentlemen," continued Noell, "I mean you fairly. Try me! I am now poorer than you are, and my will is to serve you. You can make me rich without stinting yourselves. Shall we divide?"

"No!" exclaimed the captain. "The treasure is ours—it is mine. I will consent to nothing but your silence—alone or dead!"

"Be it so, gentlemen," added Noell, calmly. "You can set your pleasure—by you have the power in your own hands. Allow me to retire. Your plans, of course, are all completed to remove this gold, to-night. You see I cannot prevent it."

"Leave us then, to our work," replied the captain. "I have no wish to dabble in human blood, but the possession of this treasure is life or death to us. If you do not insist as we shall pay you roundly for our entertainment here. If you offer the slightest impediment to our proceedings, I will send a bullet into your heart on the first intimation of your treachery. Go!"

Glad to escape the peril he found himself in, on any terms, Noell did not loiter for a second hint on the subject, but instantly left the soundless to themselves; feeling in no wise certain that one or both of them might not conclude to send a pistol-ball after him as he passed through the door!

When he entered his own room, supper was already upon the table. A thought seemed suddenly to flash upon him, and he said to Nelly:

"Bring me the octagon flask from the medicine chest. Here is the key—quick!"

The flask was instantly brought. A bottle of wine stood upon the table, the custom of the strangers being to finish their meal with a glass or two of Rhine or Hock. As if nothing had occurred to mar the customary family routine, Nelly called to the visitors that supper awaited them. Desirous to aid in disguising the threatening scene that had so recently occurred, the two men responded directly to the call of the daughter, and securing the door of their apartment, as usual, went into the parlour as though nothing at all had happened to disturb them.

They ate sparingly, and sipped a goblet of wine. The meal had been discussed rather silently, however; and Nelly was just upon the point of rallying her visitors on their unworldly reserve, when the captain's eyes suddenly became fixed in their sockets, and he sat stark and stiff in his chair, as if struck with apoplexy, or paralysis. The lieutenant emptied his glass, gazed on his companion an instant, made a spasmodic effort to speak or rise, but immediately his face paled, his muscles became rigid, and he, too, was as helpless as a statue!

"Quick, Nell," said her now excited father, "bring a rope! Lose no time in asking questions. Do as I bid you—don't get alarmed—I will explain all to you at the proper time."

So accustomed was Nelly to obey implicitly her parent's directions, relying on his judgment, as authority, that he had but to give his order to have it executed, if within her power. In a moment Nelly returned with a coil of rope.

"More, more, Nelly; to secure these rascals firmly," said Noell.

"Are they dead, father?" exclaimed Nelly, a good deal concerned—though still relying on her parent's discretion.

"Have no fears on that score, Nelly," he said. "Here, bind his arms, while I secure the other. They are robbers and scoundrels; they would rob me under my very roof, Nelly, as I will show you, and I choose to have them at arm's length, since there are two of them."

"How did this happen?" asked Nelly, in a whisper. "What caused this sudden stupefaction? Is it serious—are they poisoned, father?"

"No, my girl, no. They are immovable and stiff! Will they recover, father?" continued the girl, anxiously.

"Presently, Nell, presently. I repeat it, be firm. I shall need you aid, now. No permanent harm will come to the villains, I promise you. The contents of that flask has done the work. The liquid is an insidious and powerful narcotic, and it was effectively applied. They must be removed from this room, at once!" continued Noell, unhesitatingly. And opening the side door that communicated with the inner apartment, he raised first one and then the other

the still helpless forms of the strangers, and placed them out of sight within his sleeping-room. Then cautiously examining the cords that bound them, hands and feet, and securing the chairs to the wainscoting, he drew down the curtains, opened the windows for ventilation, and left the two rascals to temporary repose.

Having now accomplished just what he could most have desired, though his means of crippling the two strangers had been entirely a chance operation, he set himself down to consider what his next course should be, under these circumstances.

To say that like the most of the human race, Noell was not proof against the temptations connected with a mine of gold, would be only stating truth. He had never seen much money, in his day and calling, but he had ample opportunity in a life of fire-and-fury years, to ascertain the value of ready means. He now saw, within his grasp, an enormous fortune. What should he do?

Twenty-four hours later, and it would have vanished—but for his accidental discovery of it. What ought he to do? Did the treasure so found, beneath his hearthstone, under his roof, rightfully belong to these two men, who had come upon him this treachery and dishonesty? It beneath a scruple of conscience. Did the money belong to him? or had he the right to dispose of it, as matters then stood, at least without legal authority? Had he any right whatever to seize upon this property, notwithstanding it was found on his grounds, and was still secreted within his threshold?

These questions presented themselves to Noell in all their different forms of suggestion, as he resolved the matter over in his mind, and he would have "slept on it" but there was no time, now, for sleep!

Fortune—competency for the future—princely means for life—a splendid dowry for his darling Nelly, all were now within his grasp, if he but decided to seize on this strangely discovered treasure. Wise and stronger-minded men than poor Harry Noell have fallen before temptations not half so strong as that which now presented itself to the light-keeper.

An hour had passed away since the two men finished their drugged wine, and their chances for a third part, each, of the future they had so stealthily turned up from the bowels of the earth, had been lessening every moment since they concluded their unscrupulous meal.

Noell turned the whole affair carefully over in his mind, and with a not unnatural leaning to self-interest in his agreements, at length resolved upon his future course.

"If," he continued, mentally, "if I were to lodge information against these thieves, or villains, or whatever they are, in I were to state to the government that this hoard of gold had been found by these men, who are here plainly with forged letters and documents to deceive me, what should I gain? The British government, the already battered officials who have grown obese upon the toil and hardships and sweat of the poor, would answer 'it is too much for so humble citizen to look after, we will take care of it; it shall go to the crown.' If I suffer these men, who I have liked, they may plainly murder me, and my child, and none will ever be the wiser in regard to our fate, or their whereabouts, when they shall have escaped with this mine of wealth. It shall be mine, it is mine!"

Harry Noell had resolved all doubts, and settled all complications to his own present satisfaction; and he felt that he was now answerable only to himself for the future consequences of the bold and determined step he had concluded upon.

CHAPTER X.

A NIGHT OF RECKONING.

NOELL had not the remotest idea what means had really been settled upon by his visitors to remove the treasure, though he suspected, from their absence during the previous morning, that arrangements had been made at the village for a team or teams to come over to the light during that night, for the purpose of clearing the shed of its rich burden, at once, before morning.

In this supposition, based upon the appearance of things in the building where the gold still lay, he was partly right and partly wrong. Midnight had been fixed upon for the removal of the wealth they gathered, but arrangements had been effected with the fishermen to receive the "luggage and effects" of the two self-styled government officials, who fixed upon this rather suspicious hour because, as they said, the tide then served them most conveniently.

Long before the hour agreed on, however, Noell had got out all the jars and the small chests, the contents of which he had quickly conveyed on board and stowed away in the ball-room of his own yacht, which rode at her anchor near the inner cliff. The contents of the heavy and larger chests were such that the clearing of them was a work of time, in comparison. By dint of sharp labor and application, however, cheered by the reflection that, if fortunate in his design, this was the last work he should have to perform at present, the light-keeper removed every coil of gold and every bar of silver that was in sight, in the shed; the batches were secured, and Noell returned to look after the condition of his prisoners.

Nelly had retired early, to catch a few hours' rest, by advice of her father, who informed her that he should need her attendance during the night. She slept very little, however, for the recollections of the scene at the supper-table haunted her, and she felt anxious about the result.

As the light-keeper hurried along in his dory, for his last trip to the yacht, he thought he heard the sound of oars, near the shore. He halted upon the beach, and instantly discovered three men who had just arrived in a large boat, from the nearest town as it proved. They inquired for Captain Stark, and informed Noell that they came down by oar, of that worthy and his lieutenant, to remove their luggage and traps to the village; where horses were in waiting to take them to London.

As this plan was entirely unexpected by Noell, he was for a moment at a loss what to do, or what reply to make. He recovered himself, however, and said in an easy tone:

"The luggage is here, and I will help you to get it down. The captain will be up to-morrow morning, with his friend."

"He thought he would come with us to-night, but I told him it would be a long pull, and he would get tired."

"Yes. He will not go, now. You may look for him in the course of to-morrow. The chests, etc., you will keep in your charge until he arrives."

"O, yes, we understand that. He said there were some large chests, and a variety of things, some trunks of heavy books and implements, and the like. We'll see to them all, carefully," continued the skipper of the boat. In a short time a portion of the heavy (but empty) chests were aboard, with sundry articles, nearest at hand, which Noell selected with a view to appear to carry out the captain's intentions with the boatmen.

Noell followed the men down to the beach for the last time, at length; and handing the skipper a large roll, he said:

"This is all. How long will it take to row up?"

"Till near daylight."

"Well, a good voyage to you."

The boatman said "good morning," and the sound of the dipping oars was soon lost in the distance, as the watermen disappeared with their precious freight.

The light-keeper cautiously opened the door of the room where his prisoners were confined, but both were breathing heavily—not having wakened from the moment they so suddenly fell asleep.

"Captain!" exclaimed Noell. "Where ignorance is bliss, good gentlemen, 'twere folly to be wise. You seem to be enjoying yourselves vastly, though upon my word you sleep heavily. However, you will wake up by-and-by, and I am sure you will feel greatly relieved, after this sound rest, for which you ought to feel very grateful to me, though I have no doubt, you will abuse me, hereafter for it! Sleep on. Your luggage has gone forward, agreeably to your directions; you will have no further trouble on that score."

Then placing a pitcher of water before each of them, and a dish of bread and meat upon a table between them, he carefully released the hands of the lieutenant, in order that he might escape starvation, when he should recover, and also be able to assist the captain, and fastening the door strongly upon the outside, he bade them "good-night," and left them firmly locked in the arms of Somnus.

Not a moment was now lost. Hastily making up his mind, and bidding Nelly do the same, they seized such trifles as they most valued, got quickly on board the yacht, and left the scene of their perils, their labors, and their troubles, forever!

It was far into the middle of the following day, when a pricking sensation, first, and then a nervous shock or start was felt by the captain, who instantly opened his eyes, but seemed either too tired or too weak to determine where he was. After a few minutes, however, he rallied and attempted to get up; but found that his arms and hands and legs were tied fast together, while his whole body was secured firmly to the chair in which he was bound, immovably.

He cried out faintly at first, and then more audibly to the lieutenant, who took not the slightest notice of his appeals, however.

"Dead!" muttered the captain.

"Say, lieutenant! Are you dead?" but the echo of his own voice was all the response he obtained.

Various were the captain's devices to get near enough to his companion to touch him in some way, but all was useless—he was bound hand and foot, and the thing was impossible. Desperate, at last, he called for assistance.

"Help, help! here! Hillo—hillo! Mar-dee—help, help, help!"

But no one came. The sun shone on, noon passed, and a raging thirst attacked the captain. The water stood before him, but he could not reach it. "Lieutenant!" he screamed, in his agony—and his companion suddenly started and said, "down with him! down!" and then, putting his released hand to his forehead, he cried "God! What is all this?"

Very soon he recovered himself, woke up, and looked to behold the captain tied to a huge old chair, and to find himself in a similar dilemma. As quickly as he could he got a knife from his pocket and commenced to sever the cords that confined him. Then gulping down a draught of water, he staggered towards the captain and cut away the ropes that destined him in bondage. As soon as his thirst had been quenched, a storm of anathemas was poured upon the head of the light-keeper, who they swore was the cause of all this.

They dashed to the door, wild with excitement and madness, only to find themselves fast locked in! Their pistols had been taken from them, and there was no implement in the room with which they could force an opening. At length, the captain seized a chair. After a long trial the fastenings gave way, and the prisoners emerged once into the main room, and from thence into the open air and liberty.

They found the light-house deserted. On descending to the scene of their late toil, they discovered that most of the chests were gone, and that the remainder behind were broken and empty. The yacht was nowhere to be seen, and the lamps in the cone of the light-house were still burning. It was evident that Mr. Noell and his daughter had taken summary leave! The whole of the treasure had disappeared, the two men were exceedingly weak and ill from the effects of the drugging and their confinement, and their feelings may well be fancied as they turned mournfully towards the dwelling, at least, filled with mortification and disappointment!

"This is a precious termination to our job," said the captain, moodily.

"What do you now propose to do?" asked the other.

"What can we do, to be sure?" replied the captain, half in reply and half in query to himself. "What can be done? But for the two jars of doobloons which we carried away with us, we should now be penniless. And the infernal rascal has had it all in his own way! Why should we not have been more cautious about that single goblet of wine?"

"I never knew a case of drugging."

"Well, I never knew a similar case," said the lieutenant, "where the effect was so instantaneous, except where death was produced."

"Ay! But we might both have been killed, you see, as it was, for aught he cared."

"No, I don't think he meant death," said the lieutenant.

"Well, let—let—I tell you what I mean," continued the captain, as he set his teeth firmly, and backed it by an oath, "I mean death to Harrison Noell, if ever I meet him again in this world!"

"And well he deserves it," replied his friend. "But come, we must leave this place. We have been here now, full long. Let us secure what we have saved, and leave the wreck to its fate."

"We will depart at once," continued the captain, "but not until we have destroyed this infernal trap, which has been at once our fortune and our ruin. What's this?" he added, picking up a letter, addressed to a man at the village, and which upon opening he found contained a request from Noell that the person would come down, and take charge of the light-house, lest accidents should occur from the absence of the lights.

"And who did he suppose would be his letter-bearer?" said the captain, sarcastically. "Not a vestige, not a shilling's worth of this pile shall be left standing, that fire will destroy." And true to his word he tore the letter to pieces, and without further delay commenced to carry his threat into execution.

The two adventurers heaped up the old furniture and combustibles into the centre of the room, after remarking the premises to ascertain if anything of value could be taken away, and gathering together all the ropes and dry sails that could be found, they added these to the pile, and prepared to depart. It was near midnight when they took to their small boat and put away from the beach, after effectually firing the premises in all directions.

A little after dark, the inhabitants of the village were alarmed by the cry of "fire!" A dense smoke at first and then a spire of living flame shot high up from the lower extremity of the beach, which told the residents too plainly that the light-house was in flames. Aid was immediately despatched, but full two hours elapsed before the neighbors could reach the scene.

When they did arrive, all was as still as death. The light-house was a smouldering mass of ruins, but no voices broke the silence save those of the newly arrived friends. Noell and his daughter could not be found, his well-known dory floated at the end of the reef, and it was clear to the minds of all present that they had been smothered and buried in the ruins!

CHAPTER XI.

SPECULATIONS AND CONCLUSIONS.

AS soon as the requisite inquiries could be made, on the day or two succeeding the destruction of the light-house, it was discovered that the yacht lately presented to Noell was missing, and further came out that the two so-called government officers were also gone—no one knew whither. They were known to have been in the village the day but one before the burning, and it was also shown that Noell had aided in getting away some of their luggage, which they were to follow to the village the next day. Upon opening the trunks, nothing was found in them! And upon communicating with the proper department, it was found that no such commission had ever been authorized, and that they were arrant impostors.

Nothing further had been seen or heard of these two men. It was therefore concluded, that, for purposes of their own, they had probably murdered Noell and his daughter, pillaged the premises, set fire to the light-house to cover up their tracks, and then seizing upon the yacht, which was known as a fast sailer and a valuable vessel, had escaped to parts unknown. This very plausible theory, under all the circumstances, was generally adopted, and steps were taken by the public authorities to search for the fugitives—but neither the men nor the Waif could anywhere be found.

One morning, a week after the catastrophe, young Mauffred was startled, at "Dutton House," upon meeting with the following in one of the journals of the day.

"A frightful piece of intelligence reached town, last evening, by the southern mails, giving the details of a most unfortunate scene at the light-house, Beachy Head. The buildings have been destroyed completely by fire, and the well-known keeper of the light—Harry Noell, and his darling and beautiful daughter, perished in the flames!"

"It farther appears that two scoundrels, whose real names have not yet transpired, but who palmed themselves off by means of forged credentials, upon the good graces and hospitalities of Noell, as 'officers in his majesty's naval service,' have latterly been quartered at the light, for ostensible purposes, but really for objects of plunder, probably. These men were known to have been with Noell up to the day before the fire, and since then have not been seen."

"A fine yacht, the property of Noell, is also gone, and it is very apparent that these knaves have escaped in her. It is believed that they quarrelled with the light-keeper, probably murdered him and his child, set fire to the dwelling as a blind, for the purpose of hiding their atrocious guilt—and fled, carrying off in the yacht the plunder they may have obtained."

"We trust that the guilty wretches may quickly be found, and delivered over to the king's"

ministers of justice. A temporary floating light has been stationed off Beachy Head, until another building can be erected, and meantime as will be seen, the authorities have properly offered a reward of five hundred pounds, awaiting the arrest and delivery of the authors of this diabolical crime."

This fearful piece of news shocked young Mauffred greatly, and he addressed a letter to Wilford in Paris immediately, enclosing him all the details he could obtain. The young millionaire was really deeply moved for the unlamented fate of the light-keeper, and especially of his interesting child, whom he had chanced to become acquainted with under such favorable circumstances, to them.

When Wilford received the letters and journals containing the particulars of the outrage, he was completely unnerved. He had never ceased to remember Noell and his daughter with the liveliest gratitude and the highest considerations of friendship, for he had had ample proof that they possessed more than the ordinary allowance of the "milk of human kindness" in their compositions. He had already planned a surprise for them, having but recently laid in a beautiful picture of Nelly, from recollection, which he was about to complete and forward to Beachy Head, without notice, in order that they might see how well he had borne in mind the features of her who had been so kind and so useful to him at a time when he needed succor and friendly attention. The likeness in this picture was very truthful, and a sweeter countenance never put on canvas. Even Wilford himself was astonished and delighted with his success; and until he examined carefully the admirable "counterfeits," he had professed, he had never fully realized how beautiful a face Nelly Noell had possessed!

And now that she had been so ruthlessly destroyed, he turned his whole attention, for the time being, to the immediate completion of the picture, so exquisitely and fortunately commenced. Her lineaments were indelibly fixed in his memory, and he rendered the portrait a perfect reproduction of her features, while as a work of art it was the chef-d'œuvre of his life. So earnestly did he apply himself to this work that at the expiration of a month he had perfected a picture that rivalled the productions of the foremost artists in Paris. The beautiful ideal he had thus finished, was lauded by his competers and admired by connoisseurs, and his fame quickly spread through novelty-loving Paris.

The rooms of Wilford were soon thronged with amateurs and patrons whose orders crowded upon him so rapidly as to occupy his time incessantly, and at splendidly remunerating prices. Before he had passed a year in Paris, he had become the leading artist, and his name had been more than once favorably mentioned at the Tuilleries.

Wilford had never yet fathomed the intent of the curious communication he had found in his portfolio, and he had never yet ascertained who was the author of it. True, he knew that it was "Marie," because the second note that found its way into his hands, in the same hand-writing, was duly signed by the beggar-girl of the Pont des Fleurs. How it should chance that a note should have been enclosed in his sketch-book before he left England, and how another, similar in character and referring to the first, should reach him in France subsequently, and come from the same source, was not a little perplexing.

But who was Marie? In vain had he endeavored, for eight long months, to unravel this mystery. Thrice within a few weeks he had now been favored with fresh evidences, in the shape of these agreeable communications, that this Marie was not far distant from him; and the last note, which he had just clandestinely received, breathed a spirit of romance and beauty that more than ever impelled the young artist to seek out the retreat of its accomplished and singular author.

"You were born, Wilford," ran this letter, "under the bright star of good fortune. Have you experienced the trials, the mishaps, the disappointments that lurk about the path of the indigent artist? Have you seen peril, and felt the oppression that attends the state of poverty? I know you have. But these trials and misadventures have proved the spur that has urged you forward to competency, to fame, and to an honorable station in your profession. Maintain the pinnacle you have reached! Stand firmly upon the topmost round of the ladder which you have ascended so rapidly. There are eyes bent on you lovingly and anxiously; there are hearts that beat quicker at the proud mention of your name, as it is heard in market-halls, on the lips of jewelled crowds of admirers; there is one who prays for you, secretly, and whose life will be devoted to your well, though you may never know how ardently she regards you!"

"The lowly-born and humble may not aspire to sit at the side of affluence and noble blood. This is unnatural. But talent, Wilford—the light of brain and soul, which the good God dispenses among all grades of his creation, the wealth of intellect, all priceless in its value, comes to the poor or the lowly, alike, without the asking. This precious gift affiliates with its kind, and mind will act upon mind, soul sympathize with soul, heart beat for heart, in common union, though a wide gulf of forbidding space may exist between its possessors—in point of station or pecuniary fortune."

"Let me watch over you then, Wilford! Suffer me to be distant but still near to you, whenever you may need the soothing influences of friendship and affection. I have seen the sweat-drops of pain and anguish steep on your fair forehead. I have heard your deep moan of distress when you did not dream that the hand which traces these lines was busy in cooling your forehead and soothing your brow. We have met, Wilford—no matter where—and I have dared to hope that we shall meet again, under more genial and favorable auspices—when you will have had time to know me better, and to believe that I am your faithful friend, though now only the poor and humble

MARIE."

"I would give a hundred crowns," said Wil-

ford, excitedly, "If I could meet the author of this pretty epistle, face to face."

A gentle rapping at the door of his studio, at this moment, started him to his feet.

CHAPTER XII.

A COMMISSION.

The figure of a female gracefully entered the apartment a moment afterwards, followed by a servant in costly and aristocratic livery. The lady was richly but simply attired, and she addressed the artist in provincial French.

Wilford spoke the language but indifferently, yet he had been long enough in Paris to have acquired a respectable smattering of the tongue. She said:

"Monsieur, have I the pleasure of speaking with Wilford, the artist?"

The painter bowed, and pointed his visitor to a lounge.

The lady was well formed, but she was so deeply veiled, that Wilford could not determine her age. Her voice was pleasant, but full-toned and authoritative, and the artist politely inquired if he could be of service to her.

"I have called, monsieur," she replied, "to look at your pictures. My friend, the Comtesse de Charnaud has spoken enthusiastically of your genius, and I have seen a single effort of yours in her possession, which pleases me."

You allude to the *Majestic*, madame?"

"You are correct."

"The Comtesse does me great honor. It was one of my early efforts, on arriving in Paris, madame, since when I have aimed to improve myself, somewhat."

He then invited the lady into his exhibition room, where a dozen elaborately finished pictures—copies or originals, were suspended upon the walls. After examining these, the eye of the visitor rested upon one design that was partially concealed by a curtain suspended over it, and which seemed especially to interest her.

"What is this, monsieur?" she asked.

"You may have heard of it, madame," he answered. "It is an original—the 'Light-keeper's Daughter,' and he raised the screen which covered it, exposing his masterpiece to the eager inspection of the stranger.

"It is beautiful, indeed," she exclaimed. "Was she so very fair?" continued the lady, examining the picture, closely.

"It is no uncommon fault of artists, madame," said Wilford, "to flatter beauty. But in this instance, I assure you, I have scarcely done the original full justice."

"Then she must have been very comely."

"You are right, madame—but still the canvas wrongs her. There was a soul that looked out from her sweet blue eyes, an expression of guileless innocence and purity, that no artist-touch could imitate. I deem the likeness good—I may say accurate; but I feel how poor are all my efforts to give to the face the true sentiment of the original."

"Then this is not a fancy sketch?"

"No, madame. The original lives only in my memory, however."

"And you painted it from recollection, only?"

"That is all, madame. You may have heard of a terrible occurrence that took place some months since at one of the light-houses on the English coast, below Dover. The premises were freed by accident or intent—and the keeper, with his only child, perished in the ruins!"

"I think I heard of it, or read of it, at the time," replied the lady.

"This was his daughter, madame—Nelly! A softer heart than hers, a purer mind, a kinder disposition never was vouchsafed to mortal, I believe. Her fate was, indeed, a cruel one. I had painted this likeness, which I proposed to have sent out to them as a token of my remembrance of their kindness to me, when I was once thrown upon their hospitality, in distress, but before it was completed, Nelly, with her noble father, had gone to rest with the angels!"

There was a moment of sympathetic silence, that was broken by the lady, who said:

"Monsieur, what is the value of this picture?"

"Priceless, madame," answered Wilford, earnestly.

"You will sell it, I presume?"

"Never, madame!"

"I am peculiarly able to reward you amply, monsieur, and I wish to possess your best picture. A hundred crowns—"

"The crown of France itself, madame, would not tempt me to part with this picture."

"Are you serious, monsieur?"

"Upon my honor, madame, I am. If a copy of it would please you, I might be induced—"

"No, monsieur. I have only originals in my galleries, and a copy of that effort would be valueless to me."

"I could improve on this, perhaps."

"Still, I should not possess the original."

"Your pardon, madame. I appreciate your ideas—and will with great pleasure, furnish you an original upon any other subject within the range of my art, but I cannot part with this."

"Five hundred crowns, monsieur, for this picture."

"Your pardon again, madame—but I assure you I must decline your generous offer."

"You are a man of the world, and you pursue your profession for gain. I will give you a thousand crowns for your 'Light-keeper's Daughter,'" said the lady, magnanimously.

"A thousand crowns is a magnificent sum, lady, and it would far outstrip the intrinsic value of such a work. But *paraissez moi*, madame, I cannot sell it."

"If you thus value your own ideal creation, pray what value did you put upon the fair being whom you have so delicately portrayed? Surely, she must have been very dear to you."

"I never realized her worth; but it is too late, now, alas, to recover—"

and then as if to change the subject, he added, "will it not please madame to order something of a different character?"

"Monsieur, since you are so determined, I will confess to you that I have your sentiments

of devotion, and I will no longer attempt to effect a change in your mind. I desire to place one of your efforts in my collection, however, and I give you *cette Manche* in the premises. I will only stipulate that it be a female figure, and original in itself. When shall I have the pleasure of examining it?"

"My engagements at present are such, that I can promise nothing sooner than three months hence."

"You will complete it by that time?"

"I think there is no doubt about it, madame."

"Adieu! then, monsieur, I will call upon you three months from to-day, and shall rely upon your best efforts."

The servant opened the door, madame passed gracefully out, and Wilford bethought him, a moment afterwards, that he had omitted to inquire the lady's address. It was too late. He drew aside his window-curtain, and a magnificent carriage was just rolling away from his door.

"Fortune favors me," said Wilford, slowly.

"I was in fault not to have asked my lady's address. But she will come again," and he turned once more to his easel.

There was no one present to answer his question, and no one had been in that apartment save himself and his recent visitor, for eight-and-forty hours. Here was a fresh mystery. But he opened the note, and devoured its contents without further delay.

"Wilford, you will be called upon soon by a lady of great wealth and a sincere lover of art, who desires to obtain one of your pictures. She is particular in her ideas, and fancies only the choicest works for her already well-furnished galleries. Honor any whim that she may exhibit, permit her to choose, without limit, from your collection, and you may be sure to profit, largely, from her favor and patronage. Her means are ample and her liberality a proverb. May you ever prosper and be happy! MARIE."

"I will give a hundred *louis d'ors*," said Wilford, "to kiss the hand of my guardian Marie!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

TO A STAR.

BY WILLIAM W. GRANDY.

Twinkling little orb of night,
In thy brilliant beauty bright,
Thou art a jewel some
Of thy vast immensity!

Who can trace thy path at even,
Through the distance vast of heaven?
Who thy beauty can compare,
Who compute the distance there?

Sparkle on, ye brilliant gems,
In your Maker's diadem;
Forth his wonders power abroad,
Speak the majesty of God!

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

ATALISSA.

A TALE OF THE 17TH CENTURY.

BY G. PUTNAM UPTON.

In the year 1764, in which our story opens, there was for the first time forty years, universal peace between the white settlers and the various New England tribes. In 1671, Philip had concluded a peace with the governor of Plymouth; but from the date of this treaty until the breaking out of the Indian war in 1675, Philip was developing and maturing that mighty plan of a combination of all the New England tribes only equalled by the league of the Iroquois.

It was a bright and beautiful afternoon in the middle of September. The sunbeams, streaming through the intersecting boughs of the forest trees, shed their golden light upon a scene of surpassing beauty and wild sublimity. In the depths of the woods, in the vicinity of Mount Hope, a small party of Narragansetts had pitched their camp. The younger warriors of the tribe had departed upon their customary annual hunting expedition, and had entrusted the camp to the care of the old men, whose extreme age prevented them from joining the party. At the base of a huge overhanging rock, which cast its shadows far into the mysterious depths of the forest, they had erected their wigwams. The old men were lying upon the soft leaf-strewn floor, watching the innocent gambols of their children. Here and there, shaggy Indian dogs lay basking in the sun, and even some springing up with play, as a hare chased a panther near, or a squirrel, merrily chattering overhead, leaped from branch to branch. Before the wigwams stood the Indian maidens, busily engaged in braiding mats and nets. From one of the wigwams, much more highly ornamented than the rest, stepped a maiden, bearing a rude wooden bucket. As she lightly tripped over the ground, scarcely brushing the leaves aside with her elastic step, the old men watched her retreating footsteps with admiration, and the dark eyes of the maidens glinted with jealousy. Merrily Atalissa wended her way to a spring at some distance off, without a thought of fear or danger; nor hearing a squirrel, now plucking a nut from its shell, and placing it like a gem in the midnight of her hair.

She was a maiden of about seventeen summers, with the mien and dignity of a queen, and a form of faultless symmetry. Her complexion was of a pure olive, and her hair, which fell in heavy, undulating masses around her graceful neck, was dark as the plumage of the raven. From early youth she had been destined to become the bride of Wah-ne-ka, on the conditions of her father that he should procure a certain amount of furs, and that he should be able to show the scalp of a white man hanging from his girdle. He was now absent upon the expedition to fulfil the former of these conditions.

While Atalissa was bending forward, arranging and placing the flowers in her hair, which she had collected, the crystal water of the spring

mirrored her beautiful face, she was startled by the crashing of some dry sticks near by, and the next instant a deer bounded by her from out the thick brush, the blood dripping from his dappled shoulder, and tossing his antlers in agony.

Hastily seizing her bucket, she hastened to return, ignorant who might be the pursuer. She had proceeded but a few rods, when she was met by a man dressed in the costume of a hunter. He was walking leisurely along, his rifle slung across his arm, confident of the success of his shot. He was about six feet in height, and of a powerful massive frame. His dark moustache and haughty air proclaimed him at once to be a foreigner.

He belonged to a band of French traders, who had effected their purchases of furs, and were now on their journey back to Quebec. They had encamped about a mile from the Indian village, and Du Prus, for such was the hunter's name, had proceeded out from the camp in quest of game. At the first view of the hunter, Atalissa turned to flee; but the hunter was soon at her side, and laying his powerful hand upon her arm, he said:

"Whither away so fast, pretty maiden? I would not harm thee. Will thou not give me a draught from thy pail to quench my thirst, for yonder deer hath sadly fatigued me?"

With true Indian courtesy, Atalissa allowed him to take his thirst, and then again attempted to return, but the hunter again prevented her.

"Hold, maiden! Why hastest thou? Dost think I would harm thee? My rifle is unloaded, and I am no monster to devour thee. I would do thee none but kindness. Return with me to the camp. Thou wast not born to bloom here, a solitary rose in the wilderness. Mon Dieu! thy beauty would grace even the proud courts of France, and outshine all its peerless dames. Come with me, and I will protect thee. In sunny France shall be thy home. Its skies are blue and cloudless; its vine-clad hills tremble with the grape, and its maidens are as beautiful as the morning. Among them shalt thou shine like the moon among the stars. Everything that thou canst desire shall surround thee. Dost accept my offer, beautiful one?"

"Atalissa is content to remain where she is," replied she. "Here my father were born. In these woods they chased the wild deer and built their wigwams, and here rest their ashes. Here from early childhood have I sported, and here will Atalissa die. White man, Atalissa is the bride of Wah-ne-ka. I have spoken. I would go!"

"But, Atalissa—"

"Away! what Atalissa says she cannot recall."

"Now, by my Lady, thou shalt go, proud beauty!" replied Du Prus, as his eyes glowed with anger at being thus repulsed by an Indian girl, whom he had deemed it an easy task to overcome. Seizing her in his rude grasp, he was on the point of bearing her away, when a soft step was heard in the bushes, and the next instant a hand of iron was on his throat, and he was hurled headlong into the bushes. Rising hastily and seeing his rifle, he beheld before him an Indian warrior. Trembling with fear, he gazed upon that giant form before him. He was dressed in a richly ornamented buffalo robe. At his belt and from his leggings dangled the scalp-locks of slaughtered foes; his moccasins were of richly embroidered buck-skin, adorned with beads; his black hair fell down his back from beneath his head-dress of war-eagle plumes. From his belt were suspended his glittering tomahawk and scalping-knife.

"Dog of a pale fawn!" said he, in tones like the rumbling thunder, "were Philip not at peace with thee and thy accursed race, thy scalp should hang at my belt. Fight with warriors, not with women! Go to thy pale fawn companions, who in wooded camps are vainly waiting for thy return, and tell them thou hast seen Philip, and that he has spared thy life. But venture not in my path again. It were death to thee! Go!"

Maddened with anger and mortification, Du Prus slipped away through the bushes, and hastened back to the camp. The traders were preparing their evening meal, for the sun was already casting its last lingering beams upon their tents. While some were busy in cooking the food, others were listlessly lounging upon the ground, smoking their pipes, and listening to the stories of one who seemed much older than the rest, and whose tales occasioned continued bursts of laughter. The angry glances and enraged sips of Du Prus but ill accorded with this merry scene before him.

"What, he is knight of the bear race," said the story-teller, "what stilt thy visage? It is as long as a Puritan's. And where is thy game? Has some stray panther sent a squirrel with a wool-gathering, or hast thou heard a squirrel rustle a bush, and imagined a legion of Indian devils behind it? If it do not procure better hunters in future, we shall all starve. Should Mademoiselle La Bruillette catch her beautiful eye upon thee in the plight, thy chance would be small."

"Just not with me, Maillon!" cried Du Prus in angry tones. "I am not in the mood. I have seen that this afternoon which would shake even thy vaunted courage, and blanch thy brag-gart cheeks. A form upon which no man has yet looked without quailing; and mark ye, Maillon, if thou dost ever breathe the word La Bruillette again, thou dost eat it the peril of thy life. You know me, and you know I never break my word to friend or foe. Mark well my words, Maillon!"

Thus saying, Du Prus entered his tent and prepared for the evening meal. No further allusion was made to the incident of the afternoon, for they all knew full well it was tampering with the lion to jest with Du Prus, while in his presence.

On Du Prus's return he was met by the hunters, and took up their march for Quebec. In the meantime, Philip silently conducted the Indian girl back to the village. Upon their arrival they found everything in confusion. Alarmed at the long absence of Atalissa, the old warriors were preparing themselves to go out in search for her. But now their fears were changed into joy. Philip narrated to the father

of Atalissa her danger and deliverance, and again related into his thoughtful and taciturn mood. After a moment's pause, the old man spoke as follows:

"Philip! proud sachem of the Wampanagons, this is but the drop of rain to the storm which is blackening in the heavens, and soon will burst upon us in a wild deluge of wrath. Many moons ago, I slept by the waters of the Great Lake, and fasted and called upon the Great Spirit. The panther and the wolf provided around me, but I feared them not; the rain drenched me, I heeded it not. One night, amid the flash of lightning and the crash of the thunder, the Manitou came to me. He took the seal from mine eyes; he gave me the medicine bag. In the hunt, it hath shown me the buffalo; in the fight, it hath brought me the victory. Last night, in dreams, the spirit came to me again. 'Mah-nip,' said he, 'the days of thy tribe are numbered; the bark of the pale faces cross the great sea, and they outumber the leaves of the forest; thy wigwams must burn, and thy children must die; and ere many moons the last of thy brethren must sing his death-song to the waves of the great sea in the far west!'

During these remarks, Philip sat like a marble statue. Not a muscle of his face moved; and not a word escaped his lips, but the close observer might have seen in his dark piercing eyes, and firmly compressed lips, the daring determination and fixed resolve of despair. Slowly rising and taking a bow which lay near by, he fixed a shaft upon the squire, and sent it whizzing through the air. At the same moment, a hawk was seen curving through the air, and finally fell at the feet of Philip, tearing and beating the earth with his wings and claws. Philip approached him, and placed the end of his bow near him. With all the fierceness of madness, and the energy of death, the hawk grappled the bow, and drove his claws into the wood. Philip, calmly pointing to the dying bird, and then to himself, vanished slowly into the depths of the dark forest."

A year has rapidly rolled away. During this time, Philip had been striving with all the prowess of his mighty mind to concentrate all the New England tribes into a single body, and to strike a last blow for Indian liberty. But his plan had not escaped the vigilant eyes of the whites. With dismay, and almost with despair, he beheld his fondly cherished scheme melting away like the snow-dike in the waves. The die was cast. Upon the 30th of June, 1675, Philip led forth his forces with the determination either to rid his country of the white intruders, or to perish by the graves of his sires. There had been no war for a long time with the English, and therefore numerous young warriors of the various tribes entered into his cause with the greatest ardor. Among them came the youthful Wah-ne-ka, burning with the desire to revenge the insult offered to Atalissa. He yearned to perform such exploits as had been recounted to him by his sires. The time had now arrived, and his soul expanded in proportion to the vastness of his undertaking. Already he might have claimed the sword of Atalissa upon the conditions offered by her father, but he swore a solemn oath upon the grave of his sires that he would never take Atalissa as his bride until the scalp of Du Prus hung at his girdle, and he had every reason to suspect that Du Prus would join the English forces in order to obtain Atalissa.

Philip had encamped his forces near Mount Hope, and had left his wife and children in a secluded spot near the Narragansett Bay, almost inaccessible to a stranger. Among them were Atalissa and her father. On the morning of the next day, the news was brought by an Indian runner that the English were fast approaching with a large force. Immediately everything was in confusion. The clenched tomahawks and fire-flashing eyes, showed that a spirit of vengeance was awakened which might but blood could appease.

Philip immediately collected all his scattered warriors, and placed them secretly and skillfully in ambush, so that the spot a moment ago bustling with all the activity of life, seemed like a region of the dead. Carelessly the whites drew on, little dreaming that they were fast approaching in their carious haste, the edge of the precipice. Among them was Du Prus, who had joined the English forces with the hopes of meeting Atalissa.

Their first approach to the place of ambush was greeted by a shower of arrows, but not a human form was seen. All was as silent as the grave. The front ranks of the whites reeled and wavered for a moment, but again advanced. Again a cloud of arrows hurried through the air, and from each tree and log, as if instinct with life, sprang an Indian. Then burst the wild war-whoop upon the air, causing the awful depths of the forest to resound, and was answered back by the shouts of defiance from the whites. A sheet of fire flashed from the musketry of the English, but it seemed to produce no effect upon the Indians. Fresh numbers supplied the place of the dead. Foremost among the combatants, rushed Wah-ne-ka, scorching with his eagle eyes for Du Prus. He seemed to bear a charmed life; his tomahawk was unstained by blood, and his scalping-knife yet lumbered in his belt. Unscathed he rushed here and there, seeking his enemy, but all in vain.

During the heat of the combat, Du Prus had stolen away unperceived, and under the guidance of a friendly Indian, whom he had bribed to aid him, had proceeded to the spot where Atalissa was concealed. Cautiously creeping upon his bent knees through the secret passage, he arrived at a large overhanging rock, which overlooked the hidden retreat. After a lapse of a few moments, he espied Atalissa approaching the spot of her vigil where he lay concealed. As she came, he sprang with the rapidity of lightning from his hiding-place, seized her in his powerful arms, and placing his hand over her mouth, hurriedly bore her away through the forest to the river shore.

In vain she struggled to free herself from the rude grasp of Du Prus. Seeing that escape for the present was hopeless, she resigned herself to his fate, hoping that Wah-ne-ka would soon dis-

cover her abduction, and hasten in pursuit of her. Unperceived by Du Prus, she threw down several shreds of cloth, which might serve as a guide to Wah-ne-ka. Now and then she broke off a twig, and now brushed aside the leaves with her feet, all of which signs she knew his quick eye would discover.

In this manner they proceeded until they reached the shore. Hastily springing into a canoe, near at hand, the Indian paddled them across the waves with the swiftness of an arrow.

"Hail my proud beauty," cried Du Prus, in exultant joy, "methinks I will name thy obstinate root now. Once I offered myself to thee; offered to take thee to France, and to surround thee with all which thou couldst desire and wealth could procure. You rejected me, scorned my offers, and preferred the low-born Wah-ne-ka to the wealthy and titled Du Prus. But now I'll bring thee to it. My love has flown, and hatred has supplanted its place, and I'll make thee feel its effects. Thou mayst as well bid farewell to thy native hills, and thy red skinned lover, for by the holy rood, thou shalt never see them more!"

During these words, Atalissa sat calm and immovable, without deigning a reply. Her gaze wandered over the calm expanse of water, which the setting sun was tinging with gold, and she seemed engaged in deep meditation.

In the meantime, Wah-ne-ka had sought in every part of the field for Du Prus, but in vain. Many a foe he passed whom he might easily have sacrificed upon the altar of his vengeance; but he had vowed that no blood should stain his tomahawk save that of Du Prus.

Immediately the thought struck him, that he might have forced his way unseen to the hiding-place of Atalissa. The thought was parent to the action. With the speed of lightning he traversed the forest, suspicion adding wings to his haste. But his search was fruitless. Carefully he examined the ground, and after a few moments' investigation he discovered the trail.

With the agility and fleetness of the bound, he pursued those marks which the common observer would have passed without notice. The broken twigs and shreds of cloth, the leaves brushed aside, did not escape his quick eye. One hope filled his breast—to overtake Du Prus before he reached the river shore. Was he doubted vigor he pressed on in the track of the fugitives until he stood upon the water's edge. The footprints upon the moist sand immediately convinced him they had crossed the river. With rapid steps he advanced up the bank to a spot where a canoe was concealed in the bushes. It was the work of a moment to draw it out, and launch it; the next moment Wah-ne-ka was flying across the waves of the Narragansett in his birchen bark. Lastly he plied his paddle, his little canoe almost leaping from the waves at every stroke. His tightly compressed lips seemed to restrain for the time the spirit of vengeance which was raging in that lone Indian's breast.

The distant screams and shouts of the contending forces fell all unheeded upon his ear. His eye beheld alone the altar of vengeance, and his hand longed to imminute its destined victim. In a few moments, the keel of his canoe grazed the sands of the opposite shore. Hastily he traversed the beach until he again discovered the trail of the fugitives. With unwearied foot he followed it, straining every nerve to overtake them before night should set in, for the setting sun was already lighting the forest with his farewell beams. The trail every moment became more and more manifest, and new manifestations disclosed themselves continually, which led him to believe they were not far distant. Taking therefore a circuitous route through the woods, and arriving at a spot which he knew they would be compelled to pass, he concealed himself behind a huge fallen oak, and awaited their arrival. He sprang like an arrow to the ground, and again arose. Satisfied that they were approaching, he carefully examined the flint of his rifle, and loomed the tomahawk from his belt.

Cariously Du Prus drew on, and with haste, hoping to reach a spot before dark at some distance off, where horses were awaiting. Scarcely had they passed the fallen oak, when the scalp of Wah-ne-ka's rifle rang through the air, and the Indian quailed, with a scream of agony, leaped high in the air and fell to the earth a corpse. At the report of the rifle, Atalissa sprang from the arms of Du Prus, and in a second, with a wild scream of vengeance, Wah-ne-ka was upon him. His tomahawk glittered an instant in the air, and the next was burst crashing into the skull of the infatuated Du Prus.

With a cry of delight, Atalissa was about to spring into the arms of Wah-ne-ka, but he motioned her away, at the same time pointing to the lifeless form of the hunter. Slowly he drew his scalping-knife from his dark, thick locks, and the fatal steel circled the head of the dead Frenchman. The scalp of Du Prus hung at the girdle of Wah-ne-ka. His vow was fulfilled—his vengeance was appeased—Atalissa was returned to him as pure as the waters of the spring at which Du Prus had first surprised her.

Slowly the Indian maid and warrior traversed their way back through the forest. Silently they crossed the Narragansett, the moon showering with silver its rippling waves, illumining the immovable countenance of Wah-ne-ka, and the lovely features of Atalissa. When they reached the opposite shore, Wah-ne-ka listened with his ear to the ground, but all was still at vast the distant howl of the ravens' wail. The strife was over; boldly he plunged through the woods, until he had reached the hiding-place of the Indians. They were seated around a huge fire, which cast a dull and lurid glare upon the objects around them. They had just returned from the scalp of Wah-ne-ka, and there upon the wigwams denoted. Their entrance was greeted with a deafening shout, and before the echoes had died away she was in the arms of her father, Mahtopa. Taking the scalp of Du Prus from the belt of Wah-ne-ka, he hung it upon the wigwam of Atalissa, and then taking their hands in his own, he placed them together, and Atalissa was the bride of Wah-ne-ka.

(Written for The Flag of our Union.)

CONTRASTS.

BY GEORGE B. WALKER.

While festal lights are gleaming
 "Wench piled pale down,
 And low-lit eyes are beaming
 With beauty all their own,
 Hard by the cottage lowly,
 Dumb hunger moans for bread;
 And finger nursing slowly,
 Close eyelids of the dead.

While peacefully there kneeling,
 In golden chapel gray,
 Where solemn chants are pealing,
 And white-robed choir sing,
 On distant fields are battle,
 Here struts and wattle die,
 Where wounded men are raging,
 And dying in their die.

While hearts with high hopes beating,
 And round the fire-light gleaming,
 The friends each loves so well,
 On the ocean wide outspreading,
 A back to tempter slowly,
 In vain for port she's heading,
 Two hundred souls are lost!

(Written for The Flag of our Union.)

THE INEBRIATE CAPTAIN,
AND HOW WE REFORMED HIM.
AN OLD STORY.

BY ST. VAUDES CORB, JR.

THE old ship "Pioneer" was on a voyage to Smyrna, under command of Captain Ichabod Harris. I held the office of first mate at the time. We took out with us an old naval surgeon, named Ramsdell, who was going to join the American squadron in the Mediterranean.

Now Captain Harris was one of the most noble-hearted men I ever knew. He was a sailor, every inch of him, and his men fairly worshipped him. He would share with them in all their hardships, join with them in their joy, and do all in his power to make their situation comfortable and pleasing. He knew every inch of a ship, from truck to keelson, and he knew, too, just the use for which everything was made, and how it should be used to the best advantage.

But Captain Harris had one fault—a bad, very bad one; he would get drunk on every possible occasion. He never commenced drinking with the expectation of getting drunk, but as soon as he had one glass "on board," he would drink it as long as he could get it and stand.

He had been talked to by his best friends, and he had promised that he never would get drunk again, but he would not promise not to drink. Sometimes, after having made one of these solemn promises, he would drink a few glasses, and yet keep sober; but those solemn promises were dangerous ones for him, for they were sure to lead him off soon. His employers had no idea how much he drank at sea. They knew he was drunk often on shore, but they did not dream he gave himself up so at sea, for not one of his crew could have been hired to expose him; and yet it was not a safe thing. Harris himself acknowledged that rum was killing him, but he could not let it alone. When we talked to him, he listened patiently, and even kindly—and he would thank us, too, for our solicitude.

"But this is no use," he would say. "It's no use, boys. I can't help it, and when my time comes I shall die. I wish I could stop drinking, but I can't. I want promise for I should only tell it to. God bless you for your kindness; I know you mean well; but it's no use."

And that was all we could get from him. Our ship had not been at sea a week before we found that he had a cask of brandy on board for his own use, and the consequence was, he was drunk half the time. I have seen him take his observation of the sun at meridian, and work out the latitude, and then cast up the dead reckoning, and give the ship her true course, when he could not stand up without leaning against something. We soon found that the habit was growing worse and worse. Harris was now between forty and fifty, and he was almost lost. He ate but very little. Breakfast he never ate. We told him his brandy was killing him; but he would not leave it off. He assured us he could not live without it. So what was to be done? I asked Dr. Ramsdell, the old surgeon, what he thought about it, and he told me that unless the captain would leave it off entirely, he could not live.

"There is no half-way ground with him," said the doctor. "He must either drink none, or drink enough to kill him. A remarkable constitution has upheld him thus far, but that constitution is about gone now. And yet I cannot bear to talk hard with the poor fellow—he is such a noble-hearted man, and is so kind and generous. I believe he would risk his own life in a moment to save that of any man in the ship."

"I know he would," said I.

"And yet," resumed Ramsdell, "he must lose the opportunity soon of being so tender on that point that I like him to be so; and then he has such a playful manner of always turning it off that it doesn't amount to anything."

But we were resolved that Captain Harris should be saved if there was any such thing, and we soon conjured up a plan which we were determined to try. One night he came on deck so drunk that he could not walk, and I knew from his every look and movement, that he was completely oblivious to everything about him. I called some of the men to my assistance, and having made up a running bowline on the end of the mizen-topmast halyards, I contrived to slip the noose over his shoulders, and draw it tight under his arms. He was leaning up against the quarter rail, and as soon as this was done I gave him a gentle trip, and overboard he went. As soon as he struck the water he splashed and kicked wildly, and soon I heard him yell. I held the ship bow-to and the stern-boat lowered. The boat was already cleared for the purpose. We got the captain on board, and he was pretty well sobered; but he did not dream the trick we had played upon him.

On the next morning he wanted a "drop" of rum for the first thing. I asked him if he remembered the narrow escape he had last night; he said yes. Then I asked him if he had not better let the fatal stuff alone.

"No, no," said he, with a smile. "You see 'twasn't meant that I should die last night. And besides, I got a little more than usual. I must be careful."

And there was an end of that plan! But I must not give it up so. I put my head with the old surgeon's, and he agreed to help me all he could. At length we had another plan fixed up, and our captain was to have a siege before he got clear of us. We agreed to commence as soon as we could find Harris with a mind clear enough to understand things fully. I knew that the captain had a perfect dread of death, and that sometimes, when he felt "down at the heels," he had drunk to drown that feeling; only he had not the power to overcome his appetite, because the very power he needed to enable him to do that was all broken down by intemperance.

At length an opportunity to commence presented itself. One morning, the surgeon, the captain, and myself were in the cabin, and the captain was sober. I had one of Ramsdell's books in my hand, from which I pretended to read.

"Doctor," said I, looking up with as much show of surprise and interest as I could assume, "this is a very curious case—this case of the old purser."

"Ah—yes," returned the doctor, "it is curious, indeed; but I have seen a number such. Last winter I saw two such cases on board an English ship at Malta."

"And is there no cure at all?" I asked, looking at the book again, and then looking up.

"Well, that depends upon circumstances. An immediate abstinence from all kinds of stimulating food and drinks has been known to lead to a cure. But the disease is so malignant that a cure is next to impossible. O, I pray God I may never see another man die with this horrid disease!"

The old surgeon shuddered so fearfully as he said this, that I was almost startled, for he did it to perfection.

"What is it?" asked the captain, with much interest.

"I have been reading an account here in the doctor's medical reports of one of the most strange cases I ever heard of," I replied. "It is the account of a man who died of a most terrible disease. But," I continued, turning to the doctor, "do these spots always make their appearance?"

"Yes," he replied; "they are dark, brownish spots, and commence upon the face, and when the disease proves fatal, these spots begin to multiply and spread, until at length the whole face, the whole body, the whole physical structure, inside and out, becomes one horrible, sickening, disgusting mass of putrescence! O, I would not see such another death for worlds! And then the victim lives through it all—lives till the very last atom of inward vitality is swallowed up by the horrid putrefaction!"

"But what is it all?" uttered the captain, trembling like an aspen. "What makes you both tremble and shudder so? What is it?"

"It is enough to make any one shudder and tremble at the bare thought," replied the doctor, "for I do not think that mortal man can conceive of anything more horrible than this."

"But what is it?"

"My friend, you may tell him, as you have just been reading it," said the doctor, to me.

"But you understand the principle of the disease, doctor," I urged, "and you can explain it."

Ramsdell hesitated a few moments, and during that time Captain Harris sat like one bewildered.

"Captain Harris," at length spoke the doctor, "I must own that I feel a little delicate about this matter, for I have so often spoken to you upon the subject of intemperance that I fear you may think this is only hunted up at this time just that you might hear of it. But your mate came across it, sir, while reading some of my medical works. However, I will explain, and I shall trust to your own generosity to relieve me from all imputations of personal allusion."

"You mean," said I, "that the doctor is talking of the case to which we have alluded. An old purser in our navy was a very intemperate drinker. He drank brandy by the pint and quart, and sometimes even a gallon, a day. This he had followed for some years. At length one day he complained of a strange burning sensation about the face, and a dizziness in his head; and soon little dark spots began to appear upon his face. At first we thought it might be a case of small pox; and then the idea of plague struck us; but it had none of the other symptoms of those diseases. I did all for him I could, but he died, as you have heard me tell. Sometime afterward I was in Malta, and I saw more cases of the same disease there, and one old surgeon told me what was it. He said it was a case where alcohol had wholly changed the nature and substance of the human body. You know that when a man begins to show the effects of rum in blotches, and so forth, it always appears first upon the face; and so in this case. It seems to be a phase of disease confined to shipboard, and I expect it is the result of the peculiar atmosphere of the ocean, combined with the natural effects of alcohol, upon some peculiar constitutions."

The English surgeon told me that the case he had cured even after the spots made their appearance, but it was only done by the rigid abstinence on the part of the invalid from tea, coffee, and anything that could operate as a stimulant. He told me that even a glass of wine would have proved fatal in a few minutes.

"That is a curious circumstance," said Harris, after he had thought upon the subject a few moments.

I knew that the captain was naturally credulous, and I knew that he would never think of calling in question the truth of the surgeon's statement, nor the fact of my having read the account as had been reported. He did not touch his brandy during that day—nor the next—nor

the next. But on the morning of the fourth day I could see that he was becoming nervous and uneasy. The truth was, he had not yet reached not to drink—he had only been pondering upon it. It was a chilly morning, and he thought he would see if a little brandy would not warm him. He tried a glass—just one glass—and before night he was drunk; and he was not sober again for five whole days. Every time he drank now he seemed to go lower and lower. At length I told the surgeon of my time to try the last remedy, and he agreed to stand by me.

Dr. Ramsdell had his whole chemical and medicinal laboratory with him, and he went to work and prepared a mixture or solution of iodine. Captain Harris was up at midnight, and on deck, but he was too drunk to stand. Yet he drank a large dram of brandy before he turned in again; but his brandy, which was kept for immediate use in a decanter at the head of his bunk, had been medicated with a pain-giving emetic since evening, and now he had taken a stiff dose of it. Towards morning the surgeon went and rubbed the drunken man's face over with a preparation he had made from cowhage, or what is commonly called cowhage, and then he dotted the face over with the mixture of iodine. After this, we both turned in. It was now nearly four o'clock, and it would be light in half an hour.

I fell asleep, and I know not how long I had slept, when I was aroused by the captain's calling me. I quickly arose and went to his stateroom, the door of which was open, and directly opposite my own.

"O, mate, is that you?" he said, as I entered his room, for it was not very light in there, though the sun was just rising.

"Yes, sir," I answered.

"I feel very badly," he moaned. "Very badly."

"But how? You know you were very drunk last night."

"Yes, I know it. And I have been very drunk for a whole week, haven't I?"

"You have, certainly."

"O, I feel very badly."

"But how?"

"O, sick as death—sick at the stomach."

"But I thought you often felt so. That is the natural consequence of such a continued debauch."

"But that isn't all!" the poor man whispered.

"And what else is there?" I asked.

"O, I feel—as I can't tell—I can't!"

"Don't you know what it is?"

"O, yes. It is—(his voice settled to a shrill, hoarse whisper) a burning all over my face!"

"Good heavens!" I cried, and I know that I spoke with every accent of terror, "you do not mean it?"

"Yes—I do. But you do not think I shall—shall—"

The poor man dared not finish the sentence. I knew that the cowhage would make his face burn, and I knew full well to what his mind was turning. He dared not speak it.

"I think I had better call the doctor," said I.

He was anxious to have the doctor come, so I went to call him. Ramsdell had heard all, and he was ready to accompany me, his room being next forward of the captain's. It was now light enough to see plainly in the staterooms, for the sun was up, and the golden beams came in through the skylight, as the ship was heeling considerably to the eastward, under a fresh breeze. Captain Harris was truly a sorry sight to behold. His long debauch had given his eyes a bad look, and had made his cheeks hollow—the cowhage gave them a hectic flush, and the iodine had covered his face all over with kind of livid, brown spots.

"What is it, captain?" asked the old surgeon, as he entered the room.

"O, doctor, I feel dreadfully. But what are you looking at? Good mercy, tell me! O, what makes you stare at me so?"

The poor man started up to a sitting posture as he spoke, and seized the surgeon by the arm. And both the surgeon and myself gazed upon him in well-forgotten horror.

"Captain Harris," spoke Ramsdell, in a low, hollow tone, "lie down and keep quiet."

The sick man was seized with a spell of vomiting, and as soon as this was passed, the doctor asked him how he felt.

"It is a burning all over my face," returned Harris. "A dreadful burning!" he continued, in a convulsive whisper. "O, what is it?"

Ramsdell then whispered with me.

"I think it is best to tell him," he said, loud enough for the captain to hear, but yet in a manner which signified that he meant that such should not have been the case.

"Of course he must know it," said I, in the same tone, and being careful that the captain should understand me. "Of course," I added, "for he may wish to leave some word, or make some word, or let his wife and children—he may wish to send some word to them before he becomes delirious!"

Captain Harris did not speak—he dared not. But Ramsdell went and took down the mirror which hung over the wash stand—it being only secured by a hook at the top, and two revolving brackets at the bottom—and this he carried to the bank. He held it up before the sick man, as he half arose to a sitting posture.

"Look!" the doctor said.

Harris looked into the mirror, and then, with one low, convulsive cry of agony, he fell back into his pillow before he Ramsdell.

"But you said the thing had once been cured."

"Yes—once. But in that case the victim was willing to help himself."

"How?" whispered Harris.

"I told you once. He gave up the cause of his disease."

"Save me! save me! O, let me once more see my wife and children!"

"I will try," was the answer. "I will try if you will."

"If I will!" cried the captain, starting up. "Listen—listen—Here, before God and yourself, I do most solemnly swear, never—NEVER—NEVER again to touch anything that can intoxicate! Ichabod Harris never broke an oath!"

"You have gained half the victory," said Ramsdell, with a sparkling eye, "for you have made me anxious to save you, and if the thing can be done by mortal man, I will do it. Now rest as quietly as possible."

And Dr. Ramsdell went at work. He dosed the sick man first, to weaken him more, and at the same time cleanse his system. Then, at the end of a week he began to sweat him, and gradually the spots left his face. At the end of another week he began to administer restoratives, and on the morning that we passed Moli, and entered the Grecian Archipelago, Captain Harris came on deck, a well man; and his desire for brandy was gone. The very smell of it made him sick. The cask was taken from his stateroom and thrown overboard.

At Smyrna Dr. Ramsdell left us, and Captain Harris blessed him for saving his life. And most truly did the doctor save his life, though not in the way he fancied 'twas done.

On our return I went with Harris to see his family. His wife could hardly believe her own eyes.

"Ah, Lizzie," he said, as he kissed her, "you wonder to see me sober, eh?"

She acknowledged that she did.

"Well, I haven't touched a drop of spirit for over four months. (The wife started.) And I have sworn a most sacred oath that I never will touch it again. What, crying?"

How could she help crying? But Harris saw how happy she was, and he told me that one of them paid him a thousand times over for what he had done.

Poor Lizzie Harris had suffered enough from her husband's faults, but she suffered no more. She was among the happiest of the happy.

Three years after that, I wondered what effect it would have to tell Harris of the deception he had practised upon him. I did not believe he could go back to his cups again; and I told him all. He gasped at me a few moments in silence.

Then he caught my hand, and while the tears started to his eyes, he cried:

"Bless you! Bless you! I shall bless you more than ever now. For then I thought you only saved my life, but now you have saved my very soul, and saved my family."

"And you will not go back!" said I.

I shall never forget the look he gave me then. He answered me in a whisper—and as follows:

"When the sun turns black—when the earth ceases to roll—when God himself ceases to love his children—when there is joy in blackest sin—then will I take the accursed cup again, and become the vile thing I once was!"

[Translated from the French for The Flag of our Union.]

THE SUPPER OF ST. CRISPIN.

BY ANNE F. WILDER.

THE true of Nice had given some cessation to the great contest between those two powerful and glorious rivals: whose names filled Europe, and whose words, now victorious and now vanquished, had attracted the attention of the world.

The Italian campaign and the deliverance of the pope, besieged in the castle of St. Angelo, by the imperial army, had made Francis let forget the disaster of Paris. Charles V. was deploring his ill success in Africa and preparing an expedition into Provence, where suddenly news of an event, whose importance appeared trifling, but whose results might have been immense by the rest projects it endangered, reached the emperor.

One of those turbulent cities of Flanders, whose free burghers were little pleased with the despotic government of Charles, was in open revolt. It was important not to allow such an example to spread, and Charles V. resolved to go in person to chastise this guilty city, and remembering the loyalty of his rival, dared solicit permission to pass through France. We love to see this heroic confidence; especially do we love to see that it was not vain. Certainly this noble page of loyalty is worth more in the life of Francis 1st than all the advantages which he could have derived from a revenge for the hard captivity of Paris, and the monarch was great who preferred to have his name inscribed as that of a fool on the book of Tribulation, rather than forfeit his plighted word.

On his arrival in Flanders, Charles V. had no trouble in making the Gantois submit; but perceiving that the spirit of the revolt had spread and was germinating in the neighboring cities, he thought it wise and prudent to prolong his stay in the provinces, in order to consolidate his power there. During this stay he made a long excursion to Brussels, where, according to his custom, he often went out alone, simply clad, in order to study the manners and hear the opinions of the people.

Now, as he was one evening roaming about the streets, well concealed in a mantle of coarse cloth, and his head covered with a little hat such as was worn by the burghers, it happened that a tempting odor arrested him before the open shop of a roisseeur. A magnificent goose, truly worthy to appear at a royal feast, had just been taken from the spit, and was repining in a shining tin plate. A young woman, fresh and courteous as are the Flemish women generally, was bargaining for the superb fowl, when Charles, entering the shop, offered a higher price.

The young woman cast him a look of displeasure, and, whether she was unwilling to yield thus, or whether she greatly needed the goose, she bid higher in her turn, to the great astonishment of the roisseeur, who saw his goose rise thus rapidly to double its value. Then the Flemish woman bid still higher, hastily threw the money on the counter, and seizing the fowl before her competitor had time to oppose it, dashed into the street and fled.

The adventure was a singular one. He, Charles the Fifth, the great emperor, the king of Spain and the Indies, compelled to submit to a defeat, and for what? For a goose! Half angry, half laughing at his misadventure, he left the shop of the roisseeur, and yielded to the fantasy which came into his mind to know what female had dared thus to contend with him.

The young woman walked with hasty steps through obscure and dirty lanes, where the inexperienced foot of the monarch could with difficulty follow her. At last, arrived at a street more narrow and filthy than the others, she disappeared through a narrow and half-closed door. Charles was hesitating to follow her farther, when joyous bursts of laughter reached him.

"By my patron saint, it seems there is a gala here; I will take a part in it; it shall not be in vain that so fine a goose passed so near my lips without my tasting it!"

And the king in his turn pushed the door, which readily yielded to his hand. Directed by the noise of the feast, he traversed without impediment a narrow corridor, and reached a second door, whose disjunct partitions allowed to escape here and there gleams of light; he lifted the latch, and found himself in a vast, smoky saloon, in the midst of which was triumphantly displayed the fine goose, joyously flanked by numerous pots of beer and some bottles of wine. Around the table, seated on rickety stools, were twenty men, whose trade it was easy to recognize by their aprons, and the smell of leather, listening to the amusing story of the combat of a new kind of which the goose had just been the object, while preparing to do honor to its master.

The entrance of the stranger disagreeably surprised them, and it was with wrinkled brow and angry glance that one among them asked the motive of this interruption.

"Parbleu, my masters, I have a long journey to take, and as one of my boots leaks, I hoped to find among you some one who would undertake to repair it—fast—a recompense, understand?"

"You were mistaken, friend, and can go on your way. It would be to fail in the respect which we owe to our patrons, St. Crispin and St. Crispian, whose fate we are to-day celebrating, should we wear this evening; were it to gain a million,—were it for the Emperor Charles himself."

The unknown smiled, and plunging his hand into the vast pocket of his waistcoat, drew from it a new and shining gold piece and threw it upon the table.

"In that case, you will permit me to stop here long enough to share in your splendid supper, for here is something to wash it down with," he immediately rejoined.

The argument was irresistible. By a spontaneous movement the twenty seats approached each other to give room for a twenty-first, which was immediately occupied.

The supper was long and joyous, thanks especially to the excellent wine procured with the gold piece of the stranger. All the great questions of state were brought by turns on the carpet. Some blamed the emperor, others praised him; all regretted the Flemish franchise. In a word, the table, which had already been turned several times after the curfew sounded, when the guests rose to retire.

Their gratitude was in proportion to the goodness of the wine. So, in order to thank suitably their illustrious guest, it was unanimously decided that he should be escorted to his dwelling; in spite of his resistance, in spite of his remonstrances, they persisted, and as a single will, however forcible, cannot resist twenty wills united, the emperor was compelled to submit.

"Which way is your dwelling?" was asked of him.

"At the imperial palace."

"Ma foi! a fine place for a citizen. After all, if he has gold in his pockets, he may lodge anywhere."

The air moved quickly before the palace gates.

"Here," said the stranger, smiling; and detaching himself from the group which surrounded him, he presented himself alone before the sentinel, who recognized him and hastened to render him the military honors.

"But this is then—"

"The Emperor Charles Fifth," finished the soldier.

"Criss emperor!" and all drew back, seized with astonishment and terror.

"Yes, my masters, the emperor himself, who thanks you for the good supper you have given him this evening."

Still restrained by fear and respect, no one dared break the silence.

"Well! have none of you anything to ask me?" asked Charles the Fifth; "for I do not forget that I have a double seat to pay; first, for my share in the feast; afterwards, for certain opinions by which I may profit."

"Well, sire, I since you will it, we will ask of you not one, but two favors. Will you permit our corporation to take for arms a crowned boar, and to be present every year at the supper of St. Crispin with words at our sides?"

The emperor smiled.

"Is all this?" asked he.

"All."

"It is granted."

"Long live our Emperor Charles!" exclaimed twenty voices at once.

"Silence! silence!" gaily ordered the monarch; "no one, not even myself, has a right to disturb the slumbers of good citizens."

The shoemakers of Brussels have still for the emblem a crowned boar, and more than a century after the period when this history transpired, one sees in this same city, every year, at St. Crispin's, the shoemakers wear a sword for several hours, and to strangers, curious and surprised at the spectacle, they relate the story you have just read, registered in their annals at the page to which were assigned the shoemakers patent of the emperor, and the said as: good consuls are always good, from whatever source derived, the emperor did not neglect those which they had thus given him without knowing him, and more than once acknowledged that he had profited by the supper of St. Crispin.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE FROST ANGEL.

BY CARL GREENE DREW.

Something bright
The silver light
Purly and serenely white,
O'er my garden just went by;
And I pondered it would
At I gaze with straining eyes,
Where it passed mysteriously—
On it as an angel, not
On some great, divine saint,
From its native sky?

Now again, as white as snow,
Glewing like a thing celestial,
Where the garden flowers glow,
With a beauty half terrestrial.
Passes that strange, mystic form,
With an outstretched, waving arm;
As it scatters far and wide,
Drops of white on every side;
It is silvery pollen,
On an ale of mystery.

Through the meadow's glow, I see
How are their sweet buds growing;
And like a nun at vesper hour,
The garden lily is sleeping.
And all the flowers most lowly bending,
Tell me that their day is ending;
And by a ray of fallen light,
I see upon them drops of white,
Beautiful and bright.

When next the morning light returning,
O'er eastern hills shall come a burning,
Those flowers shall not be left alone,
To greet the flushing of the dawn,
For well I know that they are dying;
Ready from their lips is flying:
And never more may they impart
Their lozenges, pure and sweet;
For death has thrown his awe-struck dart
Into the rose and lily's heart,
And sparkling round them lies,
His chill complete.

Now well I know, that from no white,
That crossed my flower-beds to-night,
Was the Frost Angel, who slips the flower,
When ripe or in their bloom;
And spreads o'er vine-enveloped bowers,
The white veil of the tomb.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE SERGEANT'S STRATAGEM.

A HAIN-BREATHED ESCAPE.

BY FRED HUNTER.

When Karl Pfeffer joined his regiment, which was under marching orders for—how he knew not where—he took a very fond and affectionate leave of his darling Neophine (a pretty black-eyed Italian girl), who loved him very devotedly. Karl had no idea when he would return to her, if ever—so dubious were the prospects of the poor soldier at the period of which we are writing, though he talked very flatteringly, and really hoped to see his love again, at farthest, within a twelvemonth.

Karl was of German extraction, but was attached to the French army, which at this period had possession of the petty states of Italy, where a wretched tyranny had been rampant for a long time among the smaller representatives of papal power. The conflict had assumed the characteristics of hand-to-hand combat, and the hand of every man in authority seemed turned against his neighbor, until the great Napoleon thrust his army into their midst, and gave the people—for a time, at least—a respectable constitution and government.

"I will return, dear Neophine," said Karl, embracing the fair girl, at last; "and when the tyrants, who have so long robbed and desolated your fair land, shall have been entirely subdued, I will marry you; and we will be very happy, to be sure."

"Neophine," as he called her, was in doubt, and she shook her head as she alluded to the horrors of war, and the chances that the young sergeant might be left somewhere with a bullet in his head, perhaps! Besides, the said man were uncertain, and more especially Frenchmen, and ambitious young officers. Still, there was no present help for her. Her regiment must march next day, and whatever her secret plans might be, for the future, she saw that it was requisite she must not only be adroit, but expeditious in carrying them into operation. Perhaps she had previously arranged them, and was prepared for the present emergency—who knows? Be that as it might, the lovers embraced again; Karl kissed her bright, warm lips for the twentieth time, and they parted—she to her home duties, and he to prepare to start on the following morning for—nobody knows where.

In one of the extreme southern departments of the Italian provinces, at this time, there was a notoriously offensive and lawless scoundrel, who had for years enjoyed the privilege of robbing and oppressing the defenceless peasants and poor people of the region around him, and who had always been favored by the power (under the pope's sway), for two reasons, namely—he entertained a mortal enmity against a Frenchman, and he was too powerful, when backed by his confederates and hirelings, for the local authorities around him to cope with successfully. So, though this chief of a bandit-tribe, this rascal, Robino, did pretty much as he pleased, he was tolerated by those who should have crushed him.

The day before Karl's regiment started, there came tripping up to the colonel's tent a youthful stripling, who desired to join the French forces.

"*Mai diu!*" exclaimed the commander, as soon as this youth had found his way before him, and he had glanced at his slender appearance, "what can you do? Have you ever served in military life?"

"No," was the reply, "not in the French army. I am an Italian, though, as you see, I can speak your language indifferently. All your soldiers are not French born, and I have been ill-treated, like thousands of my countrymen. I ask for the opportunity to be avenged, and the French army will be triumphant."

"But, you are very slight in form, and you

know nothing of the fatigue and hardships of military life. What could you do, pray?"

"Place me where you will. I will not disgrace your goodness. I prefer to join the rear of your regiment. Will you enroll me?"

"What is your name?"

"Florento," replied the youth.

"Yes. You speak well, and we will give you the opportunity to show what you are made up of."

And half an hour afterwards, young Florento

answered with the rest to his name at the roll-call. He was a spirited, brave-looking youth, and declared that he would be promoted above the common ranks very shortly, if the chance were afforded him to exhibit his prowess; a boast which greatly amused the hardy and rough old veterans, who overheard it. But Florento returned their good-natured jibes, and said:

"Wait, and we shall see!"

The regiment got off the next day, and as it moved away down the valley outside of the town where it had been quartered for some months, a young girl stood at the side of the way, upon a small hill, beyond the line of their march, in the act of waving a snowy handkerchief as the soldiers passed. Karl could not distinguish the person's features at so great a distance, but he thought he knew the dress, and he had no doubt that it was his charming Neophine, who was there to bid him a final good-by. So he gazed long at the form of the fair creature, and mentally claimed as his reward for a mile or a league, as they journeyed on, and the young Italian did not get such acquainted, for a while, with any one out of his own immediate mess.

Thus matters went on, and for two months the march was kept up, by slow degrees, and without much serious interference, until it reached the vicinity (in the south of Italy) of a small town, then known as Bothne, where they halted to await further orders from the commanding general in that section.

The country within five or six leagues of this rather insignificant place, had long been the theatre of Robino's operations, and the people there gladly hailed the presence of the French army, at least for a time, believing that they would thus be temporarily relieved from the impositions and oppressions of a bandit-tyrant, whose nefarious scheme had been so constantly winked at by the civil authorities. Robino was at this time about forty miles distant from Bothne, however, and knew nothing of the arrival of the French regiment within reach of what he had long nominally aggrandized to himself as his precincts. The tents were pitched, however, and a season of rest and leisure afforded the soldiers after their long march.

A few days after their arrival here, a young French artist, who had travelled through Italy, and was now en route for Marseilles, chanced to fall in with Karl, and finding him a very companionable fellow and a countryman, he treated him with considerable civility. He invited him one day to go with him a couple of leagues out of the town where the camp was located, for the purpose of examining some ancient ruins there, which were described to him by a friend who had preceded him, some years before, in a tour of study and observation through Italy.

To this the sergeant assented, and obtaining leave of absence, they set out upon their expedition on foot, calculating to return before sunset.

As they passed the sentinel at the outer post, young Florento observed them, as he was standing at the moment near by when they gave the pass-word.

"Who are those?" inquired Florento, as the two young men moved away.

"One is Sergeant Pfeffer; the other a civilian, a friend of his."

"Where do they journey?"

"That I don't tell, boy. On a lark, probably; there's nothing a pretty-eyed demoiselle in the hills here, whom they can find out and frolic with when they will."

At this remark, the eyes of Florento sparkled a moment, and his cheek flushed; but the sentry did not notice it. The youth moved away, and soon after stalked quietly down behind the hill, and fell upon the track of the two travellers all unawares to them, however. They jogged on, and after two hours' walking, came to a sparsely-settled town, where they halted for refreshment; after which they turned aside from the more public way, and passed up to the north-west in search of the spot to which they had been directed. They wandered on till after noon considerably, and Florento dogged their tracks closely, scarcely losing sight of them for a moment, and never exciting their suspicions by exposing himself to them; but still they did not find the place they sought. As night was approaching, they began to retrace their steps, disappointed with the result of their day's unsuccessful jaunt; but instead of falling into the path by which they had come, they struck upon another, which, after a few windings, turned off to the south-west, and led them every step they moved still farther from the camp! Before sunset, they had entirely lost their reckoning, and were forced to look about them for some place where they could tarry for the night.

By this time Florento had got to be rather weary, and desperately hungry, for he had fasted since morning. But a small inn soon hove in sight, and the two young adventurers—followed stealthily by Florento—entered the hotel for the night, glad enough to meet with any place that would afford them temporary shelter, and a prospect of something to eat and drink.

Florento did not wait for compliments; but, being a native, and speaking the language readily, was soon supplied with a good supper of macaroni, fruit and white wine; after the disposal of which, he felt very valiant and immensely refreshed.

There occurred soon after their arrival at this

inn, considerable stir about the premises, and four or five forbidding-looking rascals thrust their noses into the different rooms, as if their owners were in search of some party who had given them, or somebody else, offence. Florento observed the movement, especially, but did not show any stranger alarm, and his friend did not.

They were too busy in discussing their wine to notice the business of other people, and they knew nothing of what seemed to be going on, until, on a sudden, the door of their room opened rashly, and a dark-visaged, rough-featured Italian entered, and said:

"Monsieur Ronge, I believe?"

The artist sprang up, and said:

"Nothing; only I see that you recollect me. There is a little account, monsieur, as yet unsettled between us, you may also remember—"

"This is not the place for you to assail me, and I will answer no questions here," said the artist.

"We shall see, monsieur! I have dogged you, as I told you I would, for seven weeks. I have found you where your friends are not so plenty as they were when last we met, and you will now pay for your mistake on that occasion with your head, monsieur!"

"The laws—"

"Phaw!" said the other, quickly, "save your breath; you will want it before to-morrow night. You must now go with me."

"Whether?"

"Before the duke. He will conclude your business at once. I arrest you as a spy. If your friend here intercedes, he shall join you directly. You will be shot, or strangled, within four-and-twenty hours after I proffer my charges against you! How do you like that? Come, monsieur, move!"

Six or eight strong, well-armed men entered at the stamp of the ruffian's foot, and the artist was instantly pinioned. Karl was astounded, and did not know how to act. His newly made friend had plainly been guilty of some overt act that had thus brought such sudden vengeance upon his head, and he could scarcely believe that sight but marred punishment could possibly have prompted this apparent mission of the law to have acted thus summarily. Poor Karl did not then know who this man was, and he was but imperfectly acquainted with the habits and the inquiry that then prevailed in southern Italy.

Felix Ronge was torn away rudely, before a word could be spoken in his behalf, and Karl was left behind to discharge the inn bill. When he came out into the public room, he learned from the host that this pretended "official," who had thus ruthlessly seized upon his artist-acquaintance, was the redoubtable Robino, who, he afterwards turned out, had robbed the French painter some months before, and who, in return, had caused the bandit's arrest, subsequently.

On this occasion, however, Robino differed from him—all his own hirings—to-wit: that the signor Robino was with them (at the time of the assault upon the artist) sixty miles away from the spot where he had been robbed! Of course, he was instantly cleared, but he swore vengeance on poor Ronge, for thus placing him in temporary peril. When the artist was found lying within a few paces of Robino, the latter instantly resolved upon his destruction, for he could not forget an imaginary wrong against himself, and he could not forgive.

Might was right in that section of the country, at the period we write of. Robino had no character, no strength, no office, no power whatever, except what he caused to be accorded to him, directly or indirectly, through the fear he created among the weak by means of his villany and known heartlessness. So, when poor Ronge was brought before the nominal agent of the pope, in the district where he was found and arrested by Robino, his trial and condemnation as a French spy was very summarily conducted. The bandit brought half a dozen of his own gang to swear to all the requisite facts for his conviction, and the artist was ordered to be shot the following day. In view of his pretensions of innocence of any political knowledge of the state of affairs between the belligerent governments. In vain did he declare that he was but an humble artist, in search of certain ruins, which he described as well he could. Drawings and outlines of various spots in the vicinity were found upon him, sufficient, in the estimation of the pope's agent, to damn a score of spies!

The unfortunate painter could not speak or understand the language but very indifferently; he was a Frenchman, clearly; Robino declared that he must die, and the nominal duke, who adjudged his case, put forth the fat for his immediate execution.

Robino chuckled at the sentence, grinned a ghastly smile, as he finally passed the prisoner, when he left the "august court" that had thus infamously condemned his innocent victim, and with his confederates in crimes, the triumphant villain left the unlucky artist in the hands of the merciless minions of Italian law.

This predicament, with certain death in prospect before him, before the setting of the succeeding day's sun—was a vastly interesting dilemma for Felix Ronge, the poor artist; who, five days previously, had calmly calculated to be on his first return home within a week—after his long and arduous professional tour through Switzerland and Italy. He was instantly dragged to prison and incarcerated in a dungeon, where he held communication with no one save his keepers for the next twelve hours!

In the mean time Karl had not been idle. He was an officer in the French army, though his rank was low, and he had followed the two travellers with a Mouse that concealed his rank. Half an hour after Ronge had been torn away from the inn, on the evening after they arrived, a young man came into the apartment where he sat, moodily thinking over what plan he could devise to save his artist friend—and addressed him in very bad French. This youth was Florento, who had followed the two travellers since morning, as we have already seen.

"Monsieur is troubled," remarked the boy, in

a tone of unaffected sympathy. "I am an Italian—happy, I can be of service to monsieur."

"No," said Karl, "the Italians cannot now be the friends of Frenchmen—we are enemies."

"Not all of us, monsieur. The emperor will give us liberty, and the power of Italy will live to bless the French hero and statesman."

Karl looked upon the youthful speaker, and by the dim light in his little room saw that he appeared frank and honest. He wore a handsome black moustache and heavy whiskers, his skin was dark, and his eyes fiery and brilliant.

He would trust him, he thought at length, and after some brief hesitation, he replied:

"You speak fairly, and can aid us—since you are a native—undoubtedly, if you will."

"Try me, monsieur. I give you my honor that I will act faithfully with your directions."

"Good, then!" exclaimed Karl, as he thought struck him. "Can you find this man Robino, who has borne away my friend to-night?"

"Easily, monsieur."

"Lose no time about it, then. He is a villain, and for the chances to destroy an officer of the French army, he will give up and free my companion."

"What would you do?"

"I will offer myself in exchange for Ronge. Go to Robino, tell him that you will place me in his power, if he will consent to release the artist; and my arrest will be a much prouder feather for his cap than the sacrifice of a poor penniless citizen, who is too humble to be of any consequence to anybody here, dead or alive."

"And you will be shot or hang in the place of this young stranger?" exclaimed Florento, excitedly.

"No, there is no fear of that, signor."

"What then?"

"See here," returned Karl, opening his blouse, that had been buttoned closely to the throat up to this moment, "you observe that I am not deceiving you. I am an officer in the French army, and if you follow my directions implicitly—as you have volunteered to do, all will go right."

"But I must know your plan, first," insisted Florento, determinedly.

"Very well, then, listen. You will search out this Robino, give him the cue as I have proposed, and we will agree upon a spot—out of harm's way, in case he should refuse your proposal, and attempt to arrest me without his assurance to release my friend—where you may immediately conduct him to find me. The artist will be free, and will very quickly make his escape, I warrant. There will be a day or two's delay, before any summary process will follow in respect to me, and do you think the French regiment, now within five or six leagues of us, will not be likely to rescue me from harm?"

"But this is too risky, by far, monsieur."

"Not at all. I am resolved on this. If you will undertake to aid me, you shall be amply rewarded; if not, I will instantly make this proposal in person to the civil authorities here. No more is to be lost. You shall be the messenger to me, and you shall be the messenger, announcing to him the fact that I have been trapped by the treachery of this villain—who is not aware of the presence of a portion of the French forces so near his tracks; do you observe? I will risk the result. We cannot fail, my friend will be set at liberty, and I shall surely be rescued."

"And if not?" said the youth, doubtfully.

"You are wasting time in foolish questions, and my friend is in peril," said Karl, uneasily.

"Will you proceed, or shall I go in person to save him?"

"No, no. I will join you in the scheme you propose."

A place was pointed out by Florento where he would meet him in company with Robino, at midnight—if he succeeded with that scoundrel, and they parted at once. While Karl was left to reflect upon the chances before him, and to prepare a letter to the colonel of his regiment, which had been agreed upon between him and Florento, announcing to him his peril, and asking his instant aid in such manner as he might think advisable, under the circumstances, Florento started off on his mission, in the direction, told Robino, or the officials, to present the proposal of Karl for his friend's release.

The bandit Robino was found within two hours; and after a few minutes' reflection, he assented, with a good deal of apparent satisfaction to the offer of exchanging the person of the insignificant painter for that of a live French officer; and he instantly gave his promise that Robino—who was to have been shot the next evening, should be released immediately, upon the hiding places of Karl being made known to him. He also went with Florento to the nominal judge "duke," and that functionary agreed, too, that Robino's plan should be accepted, and that the painter should be set at liberty as soon as the sergeant reached Ronge's prison-house.

In good spirits at the success of Karl's plan, thus far, but nevertheless doubtful and fearing the ultimate result of the scheme, Florento hurried back to the sergeant,—after making his midnight appointment with Robino—and gave Karl all the information needed.

"Now, my young friend," said Karl, hurriedly, "secure a swift horse at your earliest convenience, and after I am in Robino's hands, five days' delay to occur until you place in the colonel's possession this letter, which will tell my story, briefly, and ensure my release within five hours after the document reaches him. Comprenez vous?"

"Yes, yes," responded the youth, and he quickly disappeared to obtain his horse for the coming midnight journey.

At the appointed hour, the French sergeant was conducted by Florento to the spot where the latter had agreed with Robino to deliver him up. He wore no blouse on this occasion, and his official rank was quickly discovered by the lynx-eyes of the bandit rascal, as Karl approached to fulfil his share of the murderous contract he had undertaken. He was roughly seized by Robino's men, and was as rudely borne away amid the darkness to the prison that had been prepared for him.

Florento saw the sergeant on his way to prison, and he immediately hastened to horse with Karl's letter to his colonel. Meanwhile, the young French officer was thrust into confinement. As soon as he reached the prison, he demanded the artist's release, but Robino and the papal officials laughed at his innocence!

"Did you not promise this?" asked Karl, deeply alarmed and chagrined at being thus over-reached by the two scoundrels with whom he was dealing.

"This is not the place for you to ask questions," said the pope's agent, pointing to Karl's uniform. "You are a French officer; we do not often catch such fish in our nets, here! You are our prisoner. Your friend, of whom you speak, is doomed; he will be shot to-morrow noon. If you have any preparation to make, meantime, be about it, for your hours are numbered! You will die, with him, before the setting of another sun. Away with him!"

The order was quickly obeyed, and Karl Pfeffer found himself soon after within the four low walls of a miserably dark cell that was dignified with the name of a prison-cell—alone, and not in the best of spirits—while his companion of the morning, Felix Ronge, was just as near to being liberated as he was three hours previously, and no more so!

Florento knew nothing of all this. He could not afford to lose any time, otherwise he would have tarried a few minutes after delivering up Karl to Robino, to have greeted poor Ronge upon his providential escape from the clutches of those domineering "Philistines." But it was well that he did not wait! Though he confidently supposed that the painter would very soon reach the camp in safety, after he performed his part of the agreement, as he had, but neither Robino nor the "duke" had ever entertained the slightest idea of complying with their promise; and, had Karl been a little better acquainted with the villains he was thus dealing with, he would have known better than to have trusted them! However—the painter mourned, Karl was angry but calm and hopeful—and Florento dashed into the French camp before daybreak with the following letter from Karl Pfeffer, addressed to the commander of the regiment to which he belonged:

"MY DEAR COLONEL:—I have no date for this, as it is written in a spot that I know nothing of. The bearer will point out the way thither, and I will only say that I am arrested, and shall be shot or swung up, to-morrow, by the minions of Italian law, unless you rescue me! Time presses, and I can only add that if I am seasonably saved, I will explain all to my commander's satisfaction; but that it will be necessary to take instantaneous steps to relieve me, will be apparent to you, of course. Come, then, and at once, with a strong force, or I am lost! The messenger, who is a friendly Italian, will conduct you thither."

"Yours in trouble,
KARL PFEFFER, Sergeant, etc., etc."

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As soon as the colonel could get this missive, he demanded of the messenger, whom he did not recognize in his disguised attire and false hair, how far distant Karl then was, and learned that he was imprisoned about sixteen miles away; and briefly told him how the two young men had been taken by Robino, etc., etc.

In a very brief space of time, an advance of fifty men were well mounted, and at sunrise, three hundred picked soldiers joined them. The detachment was headed by the lieutenant colonel of Karl's regiment, a daring and intrepid soldier, and, under conduct of Florento, they hastened forward to the rescue of their companion-in-arms.

No communication whatever had been permitted between the prisoners. Robino, with his gang, thirsting for the blood of the two defenceless victims of the robber's displeasure, were on the *qui vive* for the approaching execution, in which they were permitted to take a part—in having been ordered by the pretended "duke" that the two prisoners should be shot, at midnight, by a squad of twenty Italian soldiers. The route led to the spot where they were imprisoned, was a tortuous one, and Florento was not sure of his way. From this cause, considerable delay occurred, and it was almost noon before the French detachment came in sight of the place they sought.

A few minutes previous to their coming, Karl and his companion strongly pinioned, had been brought out from their cells, and were placed face to face for the first time since they had parted so suddenly on the previous night. Ronge was surprised to find Karl a prisoner also, but he soon learned that the fate of both, alike, had been determined on by their ferocious enemies.

Without entertaining the slightest suspicion that the French soldier were within thirty leagues of the place where he then was, Robino was watching the proceedings that were passing prior to the contemplated sacrifice which he had been instrumental in thus bringing so nearly to a consummation, and his fiendish delight was most extravagantly evinced, in his miserable taunts and abuse of the doomed Frenchmen, whose race he so supremely hated. While he was thus occupied, and the final arrangements were being made for the disposal of the two prisoners, by a squad of twenty Italian soldiers, the mule-trail of lookers-on, as a company of mounted French soldiers suddenly hove in sight on the hill-top near by, and then came dashing down towards the spot, under conduct of the young Italian, Florento, whom Robino instantly recognized.

The bandit's guard of ten men were instantly summoned to a stand for duty, by their leader, and the attendants of the nominal "duke," numbering as many more, were also ordered to fall into line. Down came the horsemen, however, with determined strides.

"Quick!" shouted Florento, madly rushing to the scene, "quick! If you value the life of your sergeant! See, he is pinioned under, and they are about to destroy him!"

"Fearless!" yelled the intrepid lieutenant colonel; and, driving the rowels into the flanks of his horses, they quickly found themselves

HENRY TAYLOR, 111 Baltimore Street, Baltimore
 C. BAGLEY, corner 4th & Sycamore Sts. Cincinnati.
 A. ROYS, 43 Woodward Avenue, Detroit.
 L. K. WOODWARD, cor. 4th & Chestnut Sts., St. Louis.
 THOMAS LUNN, 183 Camp Street, New Orleans.

(Written for The Flag of our Union.)

HE NEVER THOUGHT:

—OR—

COUSIN NELLY'S LESSON.

BY MRS. N. T. MONROE.

Mrs. SANDERS sat in the fading twilight by the window, with a letter in her hand which she had evidently read, and upon the contents of which she was still pondering. While she thus sat, the door opened and her niece Nelly Bright, who was now paying her a visit, entered.

"Well, aunty," said she, in a light, gay tone, "of what are you thinking, sitting here in the gloaming all alone? Ah," continued she, observing the letter, "have you had a letter since I left you? Who is it from, aunty dear?"

"From Thomas,"

"Good news, I hope?"

"Yes, he is coming home to-morrow."

Nelly clasped her little white hands and said "charming."

"And he brings his lady-love with him?"

"Lady-love! I didn't know Cousin Thomas was engaged."

"Neither did I, till informed by this letter."

"However," said Nelly, "the more the merrier; what is her name?"

"Her name is Ada Somers."

"A pretty name. What kind of a lady do you suppose your son Thomas would fancy, aunty dear?"

"I can't say Nelly, I am sure," said she, laughing.

"Don't know, then, whether he likes blue eyes or black, light hair or dark, slight figures or figures more substantial?"

"No, I am sure I don't," replied her aunt, still laughing, "but to-morrow will show us. We must be up betimes in the morning, for I must make some apple pies of which Thomas is very fond, and we must also have some of those fine chickens killed you have petted so much."

"O," cried Nelly, "must my darling chickens suffer for this new comer? O Thomas, thou little knowest how in the dole of these chickens the heart of thy cousin must suffer. These mothers," continued she, "have a great deal to answer for; they get their darling ones and pamper their appetites with pies and chickens, and for this, in after years, the wife must suffer. Her pie will never be as nice as the pie of his childhood—her bread will never be as light as his mother's—her chickens will never be flavored like the chickens of his boyhood—she may never hope to have anything quite equal to that immaculate woman, his mother. If I ever marry, I mean to marry a man brought up by some cross mother. I never could stand a companion with a woman like yourself, aunty. My husband shall never come into the house and say, 'Nelly, I did wish I could once taste bread like my mother's.' My mother used to do things so good, and say 'why don't you?' Deliver me from a man, mother-spoken! I mean to marry a man whose childhood was not overhappy, a man without any sister or mother, or anybody to love but my own self, and then wouldn't I be all the world to him. He should think that everything I did was beautiful, and I would love him with my whole heart, and try hard to please him, and I could never bear this continued comparison to a mother, or favorite sister. But how I am running on, and I declare, aunty has gone and left me, so my eloquence has been all wasted."

"So Nelly, who never liked to be alone, made haste to go in quest of her aunt."

How busy was everybody next morning in the house of Mrs. Saunders. One would have thought, to have looked upon the quantity of white kitchen, and nice leaves of cake, that came out of the oven, that a company of forty was expected, instead of a single gentleman and lady.

At last the cakes and pies were all baked, the chickens were turning a beautiful brown in the oven, Mrs. Saunders had donned her best cap and one of her prettiest dresses, and Nelly had gone down to the depot to meet Cousin Thomas and his lady.

Of course she should know them though she had not seen her cousin since they were children. The train came at last, shrieking along the track and stopped. Nelly was all eyes to see who should get out. Only a gentleman and lady—there was no room to doubt, Cousin Thomas and his lady.

Nelly advanced, holding out her hand to the gentleman—she was staring at a loss for words.

"You don't know me, Cousin Thomas, as indeed, you should not! But I have been very busy by that good woman, your mother, and my aunt, to welcome you and this lady," giving her hand to the lady in the most easy, graceful manner possible. "I am your cousin, Nelly Bright, at your service, sir."

Thomas shook hands with her and declared himself very glad to see her, thinking all the while that his cousin was very forward.

"And this," said Nelly, "I am left to believe, is Miss Somers, whom my aunt has mentioned to me?"

"The same," said the young lady addressed, smiling very sweetly, and adding, "I am very glad to see you, and hope we shall be good friends."

"Of course we shall, of course we shall," said Nelly.

They then started to walk home, as the distance was but short. Nelly noticed that Miss Somers was carrying quite a large carpet bag, and to her surprise her cousin did not offer to take it from her.

"What's the man thinking of?" thought she; "he doesn't deserve to have a lady, if he can't treat her better."

"Miss Somers," said she, "allow me to assist you in carrying that carpet bag?"

So saying she took hold of the other side with Ada. Cousin Thomas all the while being deaf and blind to this broad hint of Nelly's. The ladies chatted and laughed, and were quite well acquainted on they reached home.

Thomas shook hands with his mother, greeting her with becoming filial affection, and intro-

ducing her to Ada. Mrs. Saunders kissed the cheek of her intended daughter-in-law, and thought within herself, she looks very pretty and amiable.

They were a merry party round the dinner-table. Thomas did ample justice to the nice chickens, and Nelly was half a mind to quarrel with him for eating with such evident relish the chickens she had fed and petted.

"Cousin Thomas," said she, "did you know that this dinner has cost me dear?"

"Why, Cousin Nelly, do you pay the bills?"

"No, but my injured feelings," said she, with a mock, sentimental air.

"What can you mean, cousin?" said he; but still continuing to eat.

"I refer," said she, "to these chickens, which I had loved and petted from their chickhood, up to the present morning. They have died to furnish you this glorious dinner, and in their death my heart has been deeply wounded."

"I am very sorry," said he, "that my visit should have caused you such grief; but the chickens are very nice, and in returning to them I will quote, with perhaps a little alteration, the words of a great poet. 'Nothing in their life so became them as the leaving it.'"

"O what a cruel, selfish man you are," said Nelly, laughing. "But Miss Somers, your plate is empty; allow me to do the honors of the table, as the gentleman is too busy looking into his own dish, to notice anything else."

"That is right, cousin, I detest waiting upon the table."

"Yes," said she, "I thought so, but it is one of the things which you must learn, if you intend to—"

"You need go no further, Nelly, I understand."

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down the hill, and not only down the hill, but he had the long distance to climb up again, as of course the shade had gone down on the sunny side.

There was a merry twinkle in Nelly's eyes as she watched her cousin, toiling up the steep ascent, quite out of breath.

"Thank you, cousin," said she, "I will be more careful for the future. I am afraid you will think me troublesome."

Thomas did not reply, but bowed very politely. He did in his heart think she needed a great deal of waiting upon, but he said nothing.

When they returned they sat down in Mrs. Saunders's pleasant parlor, and Nelly asked Ada if she did not play the piano. She replied in the affirmative. She then played with great skill and accuracy, showing a perfect knowledge of the rules of music, and also an excellent taste. She sang too, very sweetly, and Nelly was perfectly charmed.

Nelly then sat down to the instrument. She could play very well, and was a very fine singer. But just now she seemed to have great trouble in turning the leaves of the music book.

"Cousin Thomas," said she, at last, "I wish you would be so kind as to stand here and turn these leaves for me. I can't tell I'm sure, what ails them, they trouble me exceedingly."

So Cousin Thomas stepped up to the piano, and did as he was bid.

After they had enough of music, they had a pleasant conversation, and Thomas and his lady found that Nelly was not all fun and lightness, as one might at first suppose. Her mind was well informed, and her reading extensive, and when she chose to please in conversation, she could do so. No one entertained them by her brilliancy and good sense, and she rose quite fast to her cousin's good opinion.

The next day, and the next, Nelly followed the same course with her cousin, calling upon him with perfect freedom for any and every errand she could think of, for herself and Ada. Indeed, she seemed determined to give him no rest. Still Thomas, victim though he was, could not help liking her. There was something perfectly irresistible in the musical tones of her voice, when she said, "Cousin Thomas, will you please to do this, or will you fetch me that?" and he almost caught himself wishing that Ada would often call upon him for favors or assistance. He was perfectly willing to comply with Nelly's requests, but still they were such as he never would have thought of doing, had he not been requested.

"Do you like riding horseback?" said Nelly to Ada, when they were sitting together one very fine morning.

"O, very much, but I have not rode lately."

"Why not, does not Thomas ride?"

"I believe not."

"Does he know you are fond of it?"

"Probably not."

"Then I suppose you never mentioned to him your fondness for the exercise?"

"No, why should I?"

"Why should you? I am sure enough. O what a timid little thing you are. You should mention to him what would give you pleasure, so that he might have the pleasure of gratifying you. So he never asked if you liked riding?"

"No, I used to ride with my brother before."

"Before Mr. Thomas Saunders came along. Ah, I understand. Did he not know of it?"

"Yes, I think he did, but I think he's not fond of himself."

"Ah, and so you never let him know how very fond you were of the exercise?"

"No."

"Well, now, Ada, you shall have a ride before you go away. There is just the nicest lady's horse at the stable."

"But I have no habit or cap."

"But I have both, and ride you shall."

"But Nelly, indeed I'd rather you wouldn't mention it to Thomas."

"But Ada, let me tell you, you are altogether too fastidious, it's no use—no use whatever, you are just making trouble for yourself. Quite likely, indeed I know, Cousin Thomas would be delighted to carry you a ride, only he doesn't think of it. Now I hold it is your duty to make him think, and if you are too modest to do it, why then it is an act of charity for some one to do it for you. And that is just what I am going to do."

Nelly started for the garden, for she knew Thomas was there.

"Cousin Thomas," said she, "are you fond of horseback riding?"

"Not very," said he.

"That is unfortunate. I was going to ask you to ride. But you would ride just to please a friend?"

"No less a personage than yourself, I suppose."

"If I wished to ride, I should go order my horse and saddle and be off."

Thomas laughed, and she continued:

"But now there is Ada, who has imparted to me as a great secret that she is passionately fond of horseback riding."

"Ah, I was not aware of it, yet stop, I recollect now she used to ride with her brother."

"Why, then, as a most dutiful lover, have you never asked her if she did not know of it?"

"She should her head."

"Ah, never-thought-of-it has to cover a multitude of sins. And Ada never dares to ask a favor of you, let her wait it ever so much."

The lover thought a moment. Nelly watched him.

"One point gained," thought she, "he is learning to think."

"Ada," he said so exulting a person as some others, is she, Thomas? She doesn't send you for flowers, or to rescue sunshades, or turn music boxes, or a hundred other things more essential, which a woman needs. No, Ada is not of these. Her sensitive heart keeps its wants and desires hidden, and the man who is to make her happy, must think, if not I fear her life will be a happy one. Don't this I am meditating with what is none of my business, will you, cousin?" said she, going up to him and smiling

in his face. "Cousin Nelly takes great liberties and is very forward, but you will forgive the act for the motive."

The next morning two horses stood at the door, and one bore a lady's saddle, and Nelly stood by her side, stocking his mane and talking to him in a low, gentle voice.

Pretty soon came Mrs. Thomas, and Miss Ada, looking bright and happy. Nelly's habit and cap fitted Ada to perfection, and she well became them.

"What a nice ride you'll have, Ada," whispered Nelly, "thank me for it, won't you?"

She said and looked very happy, as Thomas assisted her in mounting.

"Take good care of her, Thomas, don't forget that she needs a little seeing to; that horse is used to a wild rider, no less a personage than myself, and sometimes cuts up queer antics. Good morning to you, and a pleasant ride."

And away they went over the smooth road, and Nelly went in with a regal smile upon her pretty face. "He is not for me, I guess. I'll make something of him, yet."

Thomas and Ada sat alone that afternoon.

"How do you like my cousin, Nelly?" said he.

"O, I like her much," was the